FIRST AND BEST IN THE FIELD IT CREATED

SCREW

THE SEX REVIEW

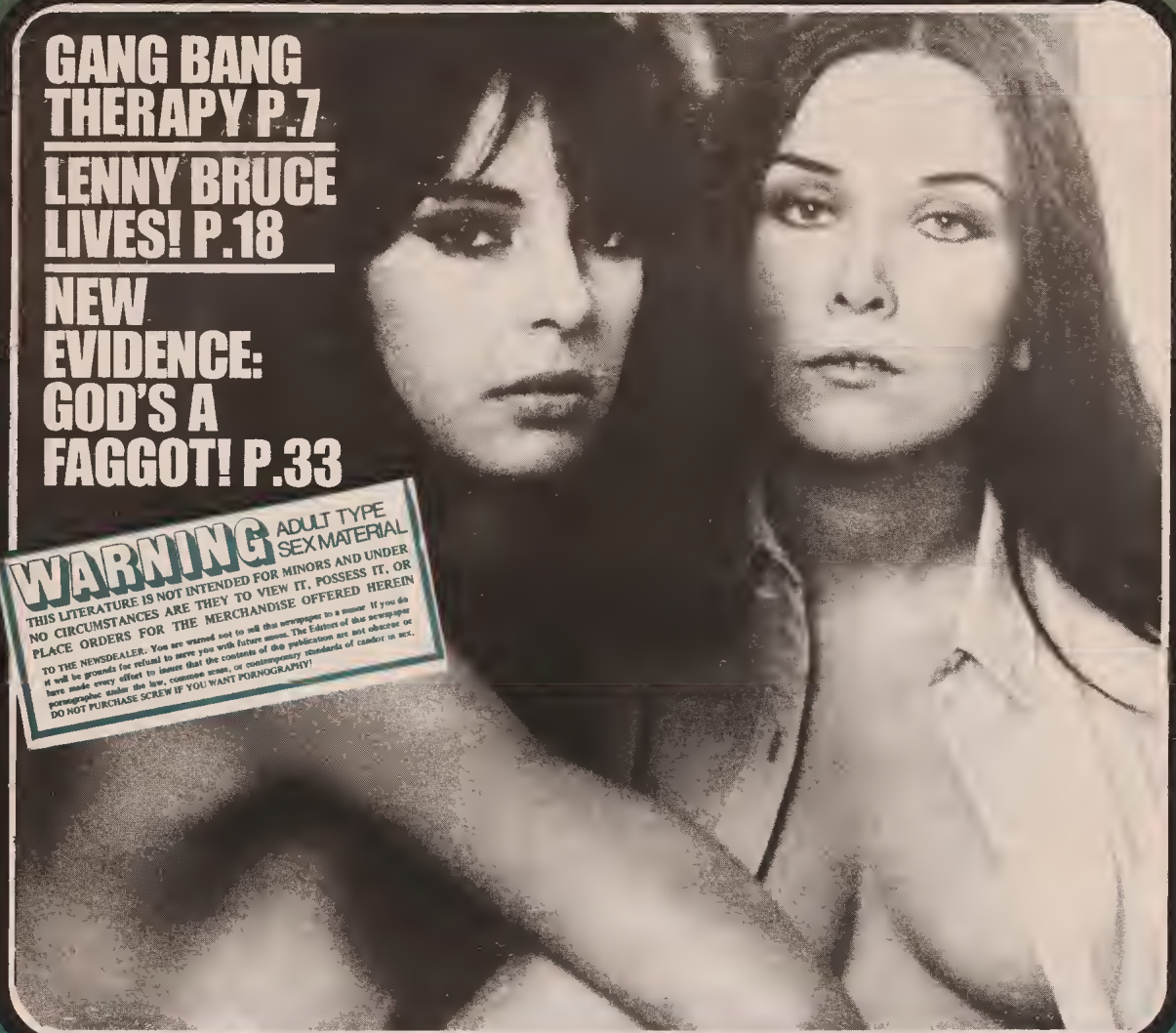
NO. 4

75¢

GANG BANG THERAPY P.7

LENNY BRUCE LIVES! P.18

NEW EVIDENCE: GOD'S A FAGGOT! P.33



WARNING ADULT TYPE SEX MATERIAL

THIS LITERATURE IS NOT INTENDED FOR MINORS AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THEY TO VIEW IT, POSSESS IT, OR PLACE ORDERS FOR THE MERCHANDISE OFFERED HEREIN

TO THE NEWSDEALER. You are warned not to sell this newspaper to a minor. If you do it will be grounds for refusal to serve you with future issues. The Editors of this newspaper have made every effort to insure that the contents of the publication are not obscene or pornographic under the law, common sense, or contemporary standards of candor in sex. DO NOT PURCHASE SCREW IF YOU WANT PORNOGRAPHY!

SERIOUS SHIT

What is a nawspaper? Ona of the most interesting answers appeared in the Mainichi Oaily News (Tokyo publication) of Oct. 20th 1969.

Page aight of their editorial stated that "One of the best definitions of a newspaper is that it is the mirror of the community. Whether readers like it or not, newspapers have to carry stories of various unpleasant aspects of our society. . . "

The importance of this statement is that a newspaper must be linked strongly with reality and SCREW absolutely fills this criteria. We don't take the easy way out as most of the so-called sex papers do. They simply run jerk-off fiction and throw it into print with neither reason, rhyme nor even an attempt at professional, artistic layouts. They are the shit and schlock of the new freedom and they have the same right to exist as SCREW does, but please don't confuse them with newspapers.

If you don't like masturbation or homosexuality—Tough! As a newspaper, our complete and total committment is to the truth and not always knowing what that is we try to represent every position and varying sexual activities so that the exposure of their realities will at least get the attention of the public.

SCREW DOES NOT CENSOR. IT REPORTS ANO REFLECTS ON THE COMMUNITY ANO THE WORLO WE LIVE IN, ANO IF THAT'S TOO STRONG FOR YOU, OON'T BUY US, JUST REAO THE *DAILY NEWS* ANO KEEP UP WITH THE LATEST IN ATROCITIES, OIVORCES ANO OTHER PEOPLE'S OIRT.

The foregoing was a commercial note by the creators of SCREW.

SCREW TO FORM A NEW NATION

Our grandest dreams are about to be realized next month when SCREW formally requests that the United Nations Security Council consider its application to be a new nation.

Called SCREWURBIA, we will be located off the coast of New York, one mile to the west of the Statue of Liberty, and will boast property which consists of five row boats tied together. Immediate expansion plans include the purchase of a ferry boat and then, ultimataly, inflatable pools from old Esther Williams films.

The main industry of SCREWURBIA will be piracy and we intend to plunder the Atlantic. It is a high traffic area and we hope to collect tariffs from many ships in the neighborhood.

With UN sanction, we also hope to enforce our way via on-board-broads who will be modern day versions of the camp followers of yore. These whores will ply their trade and craft on two of the rowboats for the pleasure of tourists and sailors. Those snips that refuse to be boarded will be dealt with via our KamaKunt rowboat which consists of four 63-year-old and spindly-legged hookers with advance syphilis and diarrhea. Their discharges and clotted shit will be shot on the boat via slingshots. The stench and contamination should result in immadiate capitulation and once more SCREWURBIA will conquer with god on its side.

The island of rowboats will be governed by Chancellor Jim Buckley and Vice Chancellor Al Goldstein.

Should the UN give this new country its mandate, it will, as the newest emerging nation, be an interesting Irish-Jewish antidote to the black proliferation. Keep tuned to this page for further progress via perversion reports on this birth of a nation.

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FIRST AND BEST IN THE FIELD IT CREATED
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THE SEX REVIEW

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The
SONG
of
SONGS
A Photographer's Vision
of
The Song of Solomon
Noël Mayne
LYLE STUART INC.
$10

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Biblical Smut

FIRST AND BEST IN THE WORLD IT CREATED

We all know that the raunchiest book of all time, in spite of the perversions and brutalities contained therein is the bible. That of course also explains why it is the biggest seller in publishing history, though if Jacqueline Susann lives as long and for as many years as she looks, and continues to belt out her trash with Indianapolis Speed, she may yet exceed sales of the New and Old Testaments within the next two centuries.

Cecil B. DeMille also recognized that the bible was big box office, and remember, these books are not left in motels and hotels throughout America without a purpose! THE BIBLE ENCOURAGES FUCKING and for that reason a copy sits in my home between "The Collected Wit and Wisdom of Spiro Agnew" (a very, very thin book) and my tattered copy of "Speed Fucking Simplified For Fun and Profit."

Latest entry in the fields of these ancient, sexual sweepstakes belongs to a beautifully and lavishly layed-out book called "The Song of Songs"

It is further described on the book jacket as a "photographer's version of the "Songs of Solomon"

The large format book (10 by 12 inches) is intended for display on coffee tables, promiscuous conceivers, and jaded librarians, and is physically worth the ten bucks just to encourage further such extravagant productions. In fact it's published in Switzerland and reeks of sincere value. The only thing wrong is that it's a piece of shit.

It is published by Lyle Stuart of 239 Park Ave., South, N.Y.C., who is a long time friend of SCREW's and who will publish the forthcoming "BEST OF SCREW". He has written for this rag, defending in stinging tones, the name of Dr. Albert Ellis against the hordes of antagonistic, onrushing homosexuals. Stuart is my hero and I have been a subscriber to his muckraking monthly, "The Independent" for 15 years--which, incidentally, discovered Paul Krassner and featured him as a columnist. So, in spite of personal bias, I must charge that the concept of this work on the bible is false, and the execution by photographer Noel Mayne is exactly that: an execution.

The inside jacket of the tome proclaims, "An uninhibited young man and very beautiful young woman were selected to take the biblical roles and this couple have played their parts with graceful fervor. The studies present their coming-together, and their relationship and its consumation, with breath-taking candor. As with the text, nothing photographed has been censored, hidden, retouched, abused or debased. Thus, Song of Songs sets out, in its way, to restore the beauty of their sexual relationship."

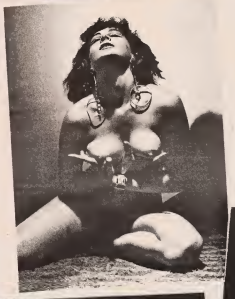
Bullshit! We have included a large segment of the book's photographs so that you, as a theoretically aware reader, can judge for yourselves. In reality, you are a fucked up product of American puritanism and I'll draw the conclusions for you to guarantee accuracy and wisdom. THIS BOOK SUCKS AND I DON'T MEAN ITS GYPSY MODELS WHO REPRESENT PEOPLE WITH GREAT FEEBLENESS AND FEIGNED PASSION.

If the book does show sexual consumation it must be via photos printed inside the binding. Every picture oozes mediocrity and sits back the art of the photographer at least to the daguerreotype.

Stark, studio lighting that went out of fashion with the invention of flash powder, shadows, and a striving for coyness combine to make this book the "Folly of Lyle Stuart" and with the projected publishing of the SCREW book, he seems to be hell bent on an effort to destroy his publishing empire.

I hope that his next book enters the present and that he hires a competent photo-journalist--like me.

Buy this book if you still read *Playboy*, or else just continue stapling SCREW centerfolds together and, remember, that nirvana is a hard cock and one of these years I hope this paper challenges that stupid and hypocritical law that makes true passion taboo and a felony to boot; (e.g. showing an erection in print.) Maybe with that reality we can enjoy books like the bible and Lyle's item as the true, campy delights that they are in spite of their intrinsic fakeness.



BY AL PSEUDONYM

Last week this column explained the absurdity of the present law which permits the cops to pick up outstanding, sterling and honest citizens who publish material that the Establishment does not like (such as SCREW), simply by buying the newspaper and then arresting the publishers or vendors. But, *au contraire*, the present law does not permit such easy arrest of a dyed-in-the-wool pornographer who is careful and does not let himself be entrapped.

Thus, the little rat-faced guy who sidles up to you in the men's room and says, "Wanna buy any French postcards, dirty pictures or filthy films?" has no problem. If he's careful not to sell to a cop or a detective, no one can touch him. Only if he slips and makes a sale to a dick, can they get him. Even though the cops know that the pornographer has in his possession French postcards or stag films, and even if they know that he has a large cache of the material in his room, there is nothing they can do about it. This is all because the U.S. Supreme Court decided some years ago, that the cops could not seize pornography without a prior adversary judicial determination, which says that the material was in fact obscene legally and not a mere irritant that inflamed the D.A.'s imagination.

NEW RULING

Recently, several courts have come out with rulings which will remedy this stupid state of affairs. If there hadn't been any new rulings then the district attorneys who have enjoyed proving that they are anti-fuck would have had to pick on open operators rather than back-room peddlers. Of course, most of these same district attorneys love to have horny stuff to read in their own basements or bathrooms but for *public* consumption they are, as they call it, "anti-smut."

The new rulings that have been coming down say that the doctrine of Freedom of the Press is so strong and so important, that not only are the authorities prohibited from seizing literary and pictorial material on their theory that it is pornographic, but the minions of the law may not even arrest anyone for the alleged sale or distribution of the material without a prior, adversary judicial determination that the material is obscene.

This will, if upheld, change the entire face of the pornography scene in the United States. And, incidentally, one of the several rulings that have been made was by an extremely respectable judge, Judge Wisdom of Lousiana, whose decisions and opinions have been as good as his name.

If the ruling is sustained by the High Court, this is the way it will work:

Suppose New York's D.A. decides that SCREW is pornographic. In the past, he would have simply gotten a warrant and sent a policeman to Fifth Avenue to pick up Goldstein and Buckley. However, under the new ruling this conduct will be passe. Now what the D.A. will have to do is take the copy of SCREW that he *thinks* is legally obscene and take it to a judge. Then, the judge will have to set a time and place for a hearing, and SCREW and its attorneys will have an opportunity to appear before the judge and argue that the material is not pornographic. After hearing *both* sides of the story the judge can make a decision. Note—only after a hearing on an *adversary* basis can the district attorney go out and make an arrest.

This will certainly give a face lifting to the field of criminal obscenity. Up until this point, the bulk of cards were held by the district attorneys of the country. They could call the shots as they pleased. The district attorney could read an issue of a magazine and decide that number 17 was pornographic and he would arrest the publishers. But 18, he might think, was not so bad and he would let *that* go. He soon became a small god in his own right; and there was no argument about it. He never gave anyone an opportunity to come in and argue with him or to demonstrate that he was all wet.

The new ruling changes everything and leaves most of the decisions up to the judge who, if he desires, can even permit expert testimony at the preliminary hearing and get the opinion of professionals as to whether the material in question, is, or is not, obscene.

AMUSING RESULTS IN MOVIES

If the new rule sticks there will be an interesting change in the whole procedure as it affects the motion picture industry. Up until this point the fuzz would pick some judge, usually an avowed opponent of pornography, and ask him to go look at the picture down at the local sinema emporium. The judge would go down and take one look at the tits with possibly a few cocks flying around, and since he was brought up along with Queen Victoria, he had no doubt that the picture was obscene and would forthwith, issue warrants for the arrest of the exhibitor, the projectionist, and in some cases even the ticket taker and the ushers.

Of course, months later all these people might be cleared by a court that found the movie really wasn't so bad and even though it might have been a lousy picture it couldn't be judged legally obscene.

But the damage had already been done, and in most cases, the movie house promptly closed down. Few exhibitors, or their employees, are willing to risk the danger of a heavier punishment and sentence by continuing to run the film after a judge had looked at it and said it was obscene, although that was only one judge's opinion and there wasn't a hearing that included the other side of the story. Obviously, this type of procedure had little legal validity.

Now, under the new procedure the judge can look at the picture, but before he makes a decision he has to set up a hearing and let *both* sides have their day in court. This gives the defense (the exhibitor and the motion picture producer) an opportunity to come in to court and explain how this picture has socially redeeming importance, historical validity, invaluable sexual insight, etc., etc., and is therefore, *not* obscene.

The main difference between the new procedure and the old, especially as it relates to films, is that under the new procedure a hearing date must be set. Most judges are notoriously dilatory in the setting up of hearing dates. Anyone who goes to a judge and says, "Will you please set up a hearing for tomorrow," will usually get a dirty judicial look. Judges are usually willing to set up dates for a hearing next week, next month or even next year. Since the fuzz can't make a pinch until the hearing is held there's no interference with the showing of the film until then. By this time, the entire movie run may be over and the theater is ready to show a new film. This means that the arrest will not interfere with the running of the film at all.

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T BANG STRAIGHT

BY DOT SMITH

My first sexual encounter which I now refer to as my "first scene", took place when I was seven. I lived in the suburbs and this afforded my friends ("our gang") the luxury of a club house. Actually it was more like a ditch with a tarpaulin roof which stood in an empty lot across the street from my apartment building. "Our Gang" consisted roughly of seven boys and two girls.

One day, the other female member and I were asked to play "Doctor" by the club's other members. At first I was dead against taking part in this devilish little game devised, I was convinced, exclusively for little boys who enjoy taking advantage of innocent little girls. The otber little girl dared me. That was it! I couldn't resist a dare. This was my weakness and she used it. I agreed wholeheartedly, but *only* if she went first.

We shook hands on our little deal and "our gang" (excluding me) went into our underground den of iniquity–which had already gained us a sinful reputation weeks before when word had leaked out about our ludicrous candle lighting ceremonies and addictive punk smoking. This bit of news did not seem to upset my mother but it did, however, enrage the father of a third girl who had since dropped out as a result of the strong arm of parental authority.

Nervously I waited outside the club, making sure I was within hearing range. There were promising giggles followed by hysterical laughter which only increased my curiosity more... GOD was I anxious! At last, she came out... smiling. Now, it was my turn and I bravely entered our den of sin. Tremors shook my little body. Until that day I hadn't even seen a real penis except possibly once when I was strolling with a group of little girls through the woods. We were approached by a man who had a huge baby bottle dangling between his legs. We became too frightened to stick around and examine it closely. Instead, everyone began screaming and running for what seemed liked miles before we felt safe! It just couldn't have been a real penis, I told myself. It *did* resemble a baby's bottle and I was *positive* he was just holding it there for god knows what purpose.

Once inside the club house, the already nude boys–all seven of them–proceeded to undress me and, as I had previously suspected, it WAS a baby bottle... these penises were obviously pinkies... you know, little fingers. They urged me to lie down on a mountain of soft rags and each in turn boarded my body and just lay there... nothing happened... nobody knew what to do. No little "wee-wee" was able to enter my "hole". But I must confess, it was great fun anyway! So great in fact, that when my turn was over I rushed outside to discuss it with the other girl, who was laughing hysterically. "Did you do it?" she asked. "Of course I did!" More laughter. Suddenly I realized she had foiled me... *she* hadn't done a damn thing and it had all been a deceitful plot to gang-bang me. Finally, she confessed. WAS I MAD! I swore to her that I would *never*, under any circumstances, play marbles with her again. She was a cheat and a traitor!

On my walk home I met the little ex-member girl with the terrible father. "Hey," I said, "I got fucked!" "What?" she inquired. "Fucked?"... "Yeah, you know, really fucked, by the Gang... in the club house." She appeared worried. But, I merrily skipped homeward. The next day, in the club house, there was no gang-bang this time–just candles and punks. We were sorting out collected marbles and chestnuts when SUDDENLY, from out of what seemed like heaven, boomed the smashing mind-blowing voice of GOD himself: "YOU EVIL LITTLE CHILDREN... YOU DEVILS." J.C. WE WERE SCARED OUT OF OUR WITS! I bravely peeked out from the edge of our roof top. It was the crazy old man of our ex-member. He just stood there raving. a big Paul Bunyun of a man with a rolled up newspaper in his hand... God... Oh God, what's he going to do? Beat us up with the Long Island Press? "OUT" he ordered. "EVERYBODY OUT!" Holy shit... we were paralyzed with terror. None of us could move a muscle, much less show our faces.

I watched this insane lunatic light the newspaper with his lighter... Christ... he's going to burn us out... Out we came... running in all directions like newly sprayed roaches abandoning their nest. Still shouting, he wildly threw the firey Long Island Press atop our flimsy canvas roof. Our home away from home dissolved in a roaring mass of flames. I ran home hoping I'd never see him again. No such luck. He lived in our building and cornered me that evening in the lobby. He threatened to tell my mother. I believe he did and the thoughtful woman probably told him to mind his own damn business. She never even mentioned it to me. It might interest you to know about the crazy old man's little girl. Years later, when she was in her early twenties, I contacted her. She invited me to a "group therapy" type of party and there she pleaded guilty to what she described as "Cockphobia". Well, who wouldn't with a lousy old man like that for a father? Anyway, I don't have this "Cockphobia" type of thing that seemed to be bothering her. Poor girl... I never saw her again to inquire if she was also suffering from "Twatphobia"... that would really be sad. She was too young to be a celibate.

Anyway, anyone out there in readersville, absolutely *anyone* who ever knew a Dot Smith and is hesitating to contact me through SCREW–do it! I am that Dot Smith.

FOR STRAIGHTS:

Under the spotlight:

CHE!, Free Store Theatre, 14 Cooper Square, 228-9861. I received word from the management that the cast was no longer adorned in plastic raincoats. Apparently, someone had fixed the leaky roof. So I picked up my bouncing buns and sludged down to the Free Theatre (what's free about it?) to witness the latest chapter in the life of Che. I observed simulated fucking, simulated cocksucking, simulated pussy-eating, simulated dildo humping, and simulated shitting. So all in all, it was a simulating evening, but my cock remained as flaccid as the cocks limply attached to the simulated people in the cast. The script is still a hodgepodge of words such as "reality, power, lust, dreams, pricks, come" in which the major game played is "Pass the Platitudes." With the exception of the charming ladies who portrayed "Mayfang" and "Sister of Mercy", the cast was too concerned with exhibiting their overrated physical ornaments to worry much about acting.

Plays:

THE TREATMENT, THE PEOPLE'S HEART, Theatre "3", 2864 B'way (at 111th St.). The first was described by the publicity dept. as "a short blow job of our times". However, I can't really recommend it until I've seen it, but next week I'll give a blow-by-blow account.

THE WAY IT IS! New Lincoln Theatre, 63rd, corner of B'way, PL 7-3627. This nude musical is supposed to be everything Calcutta should be, but isn't. Is co-lyricist Michael Greer the same Michael Greer who is currently starring in **Fortune and Men's Eyes**? If so, it's a good portent. At any rate, I will spotlight this new sizzler next week, so be prepared to lock the old lady into her chastity belt when she reads it. E.

Flicks:

FRENCHETTE, Avon Hudson, 44th Bet. 5th & B'way, 757-4198 (starts Wed. unless the lesbian flick, L'AMOUR DE FEMME, is held over). It's a triangle story about a ripe and ready tomato who manages a juggling act between her horny boyfriend and her lecherous boss. You girls could learn from this twittering twat if you, too, want to succeed in business. E,W.

WEEKEND LOVER, Avon Love, 125 W. 42nd St., 564-1590. It's about time someone did a pic concerning what the wives were up to while their husbands fucked around on weekends during those "business" trips. More than one guy gets the "business" in this veneral little gem, thanks to the leading lady's TITillating torso. Her cunt is also worth shaking a finger at or up, as the case may be. C

FUTZ, Kips Bay, E. 31st and 2nd Ave., LE 2-6668. Actually, there's nothing wrong with loving a pig—Mrs. Al Goldstein has done it successfully for ages now. But there *is* something wrong with FUTZ. Namely, the writing, the direction, the background music, and some of the cast. But for the sick at heart, it offers all kinds of fun deviations. Also, mucho nudity. R,E.

KISS THE ANALYST, THE FREUDIAN THING, Capri, 8th Ave., & 46th St., 581-4444. Since COMING APART, I've been waiting for the regular skinflicks to discover psychiatry. After all, everyone knows at least someone who claims to have been fucked on a shrink's couch. This 3-D spectacle may not be a good film, but unlike COMING APART, it doesn't make a pretense of being anything other than a feast for voyeurs and it accomplishes its aim. E,W.

ALL THE LOVING COUPLES, New Embassy, 46th St., PL 7-2408. Some of the spicier scenes apparently have been cut since it first opened, in order, I suppose, to make the legitimate motion picture scene. But it's still very funny and tersely written, offering the utmost in suburban wife-swapping. C,E.

THE MINX, Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. Very commercial sexploitation flick about 3 girl detectives, slicker than most, but not as steamy as some. Conventional nude scenes with simulated fucking plus the usual amount of excuses for a variety of often suggested sexual variations. Seeing a chick use a revolver for a dildo (*without* pulling the trigger during climax) is worth the price of admission. From C to E to W.

STRAIGHT MAKE-OUT PLACES:

I got a request from E.B. who wants to know where the hooker bars are in Manhattan, but if I name some of them, they'll be raided by the time he gets there. Instead, I will suggest he try bars in the following vicinities—on 6th Avenue between 45th and 50th streets. Also, try 8th Avenue between 45th and 55th. And remember, E.B., if you get the clap, don't say Mother didn't warn you!!!!!

MY APOLOGIES to the FRUMKIN GALLERY, 41 East 57th St., for not plugging their recent painting by Peter Saul. In a letter dated November 3rd, they informed me of this coming event and included a black and white photograph of one of his works. Well, the letter did not reach my hands until the last week in November which was too late for me to include it in my column. I never even saw the photograph. So be WARNED, whoever it is of you fuckers in the SCREW office that's futzing around with my letters, that I'm ready to sue for mail tampering.

Also. When sending information to the SCREW office that concerns my column, direct it either to me, Bob Amsel, or to Naked City. Otherwise, the chances of my seeing it are slim indeed!

FOR GAYS:

Under the spotlight:

NUDE GYMNASTICS, THE UGLY, The Playbox, 94 St. Marks Pl., 674-2344. NUDE is poorly written and acted, but the cocks are all lined up doing exercises, which does give you a chance to observe some assholes as well. Maybe I'm just choosey, but I only found one naked number to my liking, but at least I had something to focus my attention on. THE UGLY is also poorly written, but more interesting than NUDE thanks to the leading lady's performance. I don't mean sexually, I mean that she can act. She and her boyfriend do hit the sack twice. Since he's nekkid, and she's wearing panties, I'm not exactly sure how they do it. Considering the hero's abilities, I assume he uses her navel. The admission is cheaper than most off-off B'way shows that show, so if you can't afford AND PUPPY DOG TAILS, try this. But if you're expecting great theatre, you'd better can it. E,W.

Records:

I'm sorry, but I cannot agree with friends Lige and Jack on ZEBEDY COLT's record album, I'LL SING FOR YOU. Don't be suckered into buying these old standards just because they're sung by a guy. The orchestrations and male chorus were enough to turn me on to Lawrence Welk, who does that sort of bubble muzak so much better. Zebedy (where did he ever get that name?) may be a nice guy, but his taste stems from Early Tacky to Late Forest Hills, and his music (mucous?) album typifies everything that was wrong with the music of the Eisenhower years. S.

Flicks:

FRANKENSTEIN DE SADE, Park-Miller, 43rd bet. 6th & B'way. No joke, that's the title. It appears that the poor marquis had more relatives than he could contend with. No wonder the cat flipped out. For a weird kind of camp fascination, you must see this flick—if only to have something to talk about at cocktail parties. R,E.

MOTEL FOR BOYS, THE GAY BEAUTY, Eros I, 732 8th Ave., (bet. 45th & 46th) 581-4594. If you've ever dreamed of the perfect honeymoon place, this one isn't it. On the contrary, changing partners could very easily be the norm in this charmingly gay motel. In essence, this film offers you a voyeuristic peep show, and the male models are a matter of taste (no pun intended). The "gay beauty" isn't all that beautiful, however, it would make good one-night-stand material. E.

Helen, my BABY! Youre going with a gynecologist!!!

FUCK BOOKS

MANHOOD MANIA

BY MICHAEL PERKINS

Manhood, *by Michael Leiris. Cape Editions, $1.25. Jonathan Cape, Thirty Bedford Square, London.*

The erotic writing of even the dullest author is filled with symbolism and allegory. Sexuality, at one level, is a fertile bed for monsters and monstresses. I suspect most of us have recurring sexual images that we live with or seek in various persons. Marilyn Monroe, for instance, was the symbol (now lost forever) of a kind of womanhood that every American male thought he desired: soft, submissive, maddeningly sexual to the exclusion of all practical concerns. A teddy bear with genitals, to be used and even broken. In the end the myth lost touch with reality, and destroyed herself, leaving American males with aggressive teenie–boppers, W.I.T.C.H., and a huge account to pay–for believing in that myth. But sexuality still becomes mythology perhaps more real in America than the most real immediate flesh. We live in dreams in America more than any empire ever has, but it doesn't seem so unless we look closely.

Michel Leiris is a French autobiographer and anthropologist who writes of his own private erotic mythology. His goddesses are classical and biblical, but he illustrates their urgency in his life with very specific and sexual scenes.

There is a painting, by Lucas Cranach the Elder, of Judith–"a heroine twice and three times over because, first a widow, she becomes a murderess, and a murderess of the man with whom, the moment before, she had gone to bed. . . is a figure around which are crystallized the images that had a decisive influence upon my life." Standing with Judith is Lucrece, the suicide, pressing a dagger to her naked breast.

For Leiris, both figures are personal erotic avatars. Judith attracts and paralyzes; Lucrece is a consoling sister. They correspond, in his memory, to "the girl in lace underwear and black silk stockings with whom, I, being a virgin, found myself in bed with after a night of wild drinking, but whom I could not touch because I began to vomit a pool of red wine all over the sheets." Or, "the girl. . . who bit my lips until they bled, and kicked me in the face, one day when she was drunk, to show me how lithe she was." There are numerous other correspondences. **Manhood** is autobiography, but it is not another *My Secret Life;* rather it is a very subtle, wounding confession mostly about the way sexuality really works, and the eroticism that results from it. Leiris has done gross things, but he does not describe them grossly. His originality lies in communicating to us a dark and wet eros without falsifying, and making it mythical, instead of specific.

Manhood is preceded by an excellent essay on autobiography–the only form of fiction most of us are able to write, or read anymore–the only kind worth the time in the midst of accelerating death and revolution. The book itself reveals Leiris to be a timid man, fearful of pain and accident, the kind who is aware of what can befall him coming home from a day in the country or walking down a city street. He talks about his childhood, revealing how much he detests his family, and the crimes perpetrated upon him as a child–the crimes most of us manage to forget. All of it is organized around the twin figures of Lucrece and Judith, and suffused with the highest most delicate form of sexuality.

Richard Howard did the translation, and his work seems as excellent as it always is **Manhood** was first published in the U.S. in 1963, and died a quick death. Susan Sontag has done a good piece on it in *Against Interpretation.*

Notes and Asides: London–Alexander Trocchi, the master of erotic fiction, is well and working Although he can't enter the U.S., his novels are available in Essex House editions. I showed him my novel **Down Here** (just published). He saw that I willingly called myself a "pornographer", and he said "Ah, we should all take on the name of pornographer shouldn't we?"

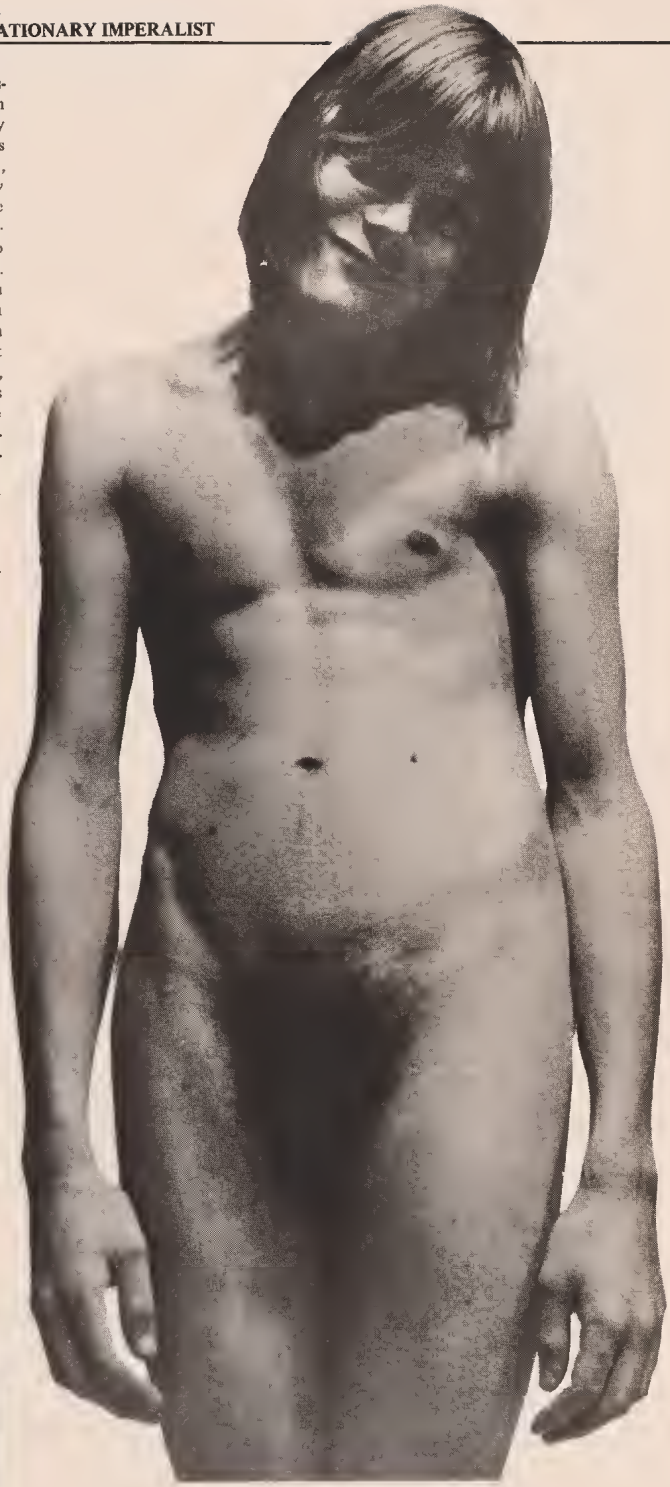
Paris–Jean-Jacques Pauvert the erotic published here, has just issued a "new" book by the author of *Story of O,* Pauline Reage. It is actually a previously imprinted section from that book called, *Retour a Roissy.*

There is a "Sex Shop" here on the Left Bank, at 68-70 rue Castagnary, Paris 15, that carries only the best in erotic literature, unlike the schlock shops of Times Square.

The Screw Fuck Book BESTSELLER LIST

1. **The Selling of a President** *by Joe McGinniss, Trident Press, $5.95.*
2. **The Seven Minutes** *by Irving Wallace. Simon & Schuster, $7.50*
3. **The French Lieutenant's Woman** *by John Fowles. Little Brown, $7.95*
4. **Naked Came The Stranger** *by Penelope Ashe, Lyle Stuart, $5.95*
5. **The Homosexual Handbook** *by Angelo d'Arcangelo, Olympia Press, $2.25.*

Mr. Hunter has been a busy, busy male model in Hollywood, San Francisco, New York and on Fire Island two weeks last summer at the Brownie International Snap-in. His classic face, thirty-two teeth, and pecs have appeared in CRACK; PHLEGM QUARTERLY; SCREW; TV GUIDE; B'NAI B'RITH MESSENGER; WATCHTOWER; Tarkio, Mo., AVALANCHE; WOMEN's WEAR DAILY; CODPIECE (house organ of Meat Cups, Inc.), and THE DAILY WORKER (Havana edition). He posed for several portraits by Roddy MacDowell in DOUBLE EXPOSURE. His health diet consists of Tiger's Milk, wheat germ oil, raw cauliflower and rose hips. He does not smoke. His current commercial is a coughing spell for the American Cancer Society.



BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

IT'S A DRAG BEING A MALE MODEL

Today's burning "American" question and one which intrigues some foreign consumers too is, "Do those glowing boy models in the hair cream and casual-pants ads in the Sunday *Times* supplement, *Esquire, Gentlemen's Quarterly, Playboy* and *Ingenue* suck?" or "Do those healthy, wholesome, flower-of-our-competitive society lads commit fellatio for fun and profit?" The answer is, Mr. and Mrs. America and *some* foreign readers, *no.* Not all those sparkling, even teeth have gnoshed a cock or nipped at a scrotum! *But,* fact is, the ones who don't suck *can* be *fucked.* Yes, all of them. All, I say. Don't argue. American male models *are* a swinging lot. Also most of those well-hung Dagos you see in your pre-spring layouts taken abroad. The high-arched, well-shod feet go up in the air at the click of a camera or even the whisper of those magic words "on location."

If you have modeling aspirations, print or film (print being magazine spreads in the strictly jounalistic sense of the word) and if you long to see your ass, crotch and well-pressed crease featured a national advertisement, you must possess two important qualifications: You must *look* as virile as a *Bonaza* extra, *and* you must be gay. If you are both, you are bound to be photogenic. What nature has failed to supply in the way of bone structure or coloration can be faked by a clever photog who grooves on your body. But forget it if you aren't eager and willing to put out.

What American males are failing over themselves to identify with toda (the exceptional models being the Ugli —also swingers—so popular now on T commercials and whom everyone enjo feeling superior to) is the ideal homose ual of a highly competitive homosexua milieu, and don't forget it. It's part of th homosexual conspiracy to divert ou

population from its erstwhile procreative intent, by creating a mass desire to grin like, shine like, ooze like, smell like and ultimately make love like the glossy faggots in the ads. If you already grin like, shine like, ooze like, smell like, feel like and make love like any of those dreamboats in the vicuna briefs, reducer belts or Bill Blass jackets, *you* are on your way.

Look up photographers with male names in the yellow pages, or consult *Backstage, Show Business,* etc. The really big ones will invite you to their studios for an interview (in modeling jargon such an appointment is euphemistically known as a "go-see") provided you lisp a little on the phone or say something seductive like, "I suck." Once they have you in their dens, they will propose to do "test shots." These consist of several posing sessions, which, if followed to their natural conclusions, will net you several useful sheets of contact proofs, from among which you and the satisfied photog will select "commercial" stills for blowing up into eleven-by-fourteens. Eleven-by-fourteen is the obligatory professional dimension.

Then, after expressing your gratitude by again sucking or being fucked by or (among the *really,* really big-timers) peeing on, you clutch your one-of-a-kind masters and run down to a reproduction studio where you have a minimum of twenty-five copies (generally eight-by-ten for circulation purposes) and a negative made. Get yourself a leather album large enough to accommodate your first set, and you are ready to "make the rounds".

Making the rounds is fun. You type up a list of the modeling agencies which handle (sic) men, doll up in your butchest drag (ersatz hippie, of course, qualifies, as does long hair, if it's squeaky clean), polish your shoes, spray heavily with hard-to-hold (Revlon in the blue can will persist throughout the windiest afternoon), and stop in for coffee somewhere on Fifty-seventh street, East or West.

When you enter the outer sanctum of the average modeling agency, don't animate too much. Surly is in, and the receptionist has an eye for photogenic faces in repose. But stand with the most becoming pelvic thrust—unless you are peddling ass, then be sure to talk over your shoulder as much as possible.

Someone will ask you for your resume of experience. If you're tantalizing enough on your first foray, you won't need one, they will manufacture it for you. Be sure never to put down any education credits above high school—Ph.D. notwithstanding—because bright models never get anywhere. Just say you worked in the provinces a lot—for Calvin studios in Kansas City, or were once a Nancy Taylor or Grimme model in San Francisco. You "do everything"—fashion, print, ramp, TV, and voice-overs. If you are a boy soprano this will underscore your potential as a Marlboro Man. Be sure you pick up on their use of the word "drop." Like six-inch drop, ten-inch drop. The difference in inches between your chest size and your waist size is your drop, dummy, in the garment industry. Leers and snickers are expected in discussing this, naturally.

Then, once admitted to the inner sanctum of the fruit who runs the agency, tell him you have been "on location" in St. Thomas in January or Acapulco in February and stayed on as a guest of a rich American. He'll dig. He's looking for contacts himself and thinks *you* might have some. Lie a lot.

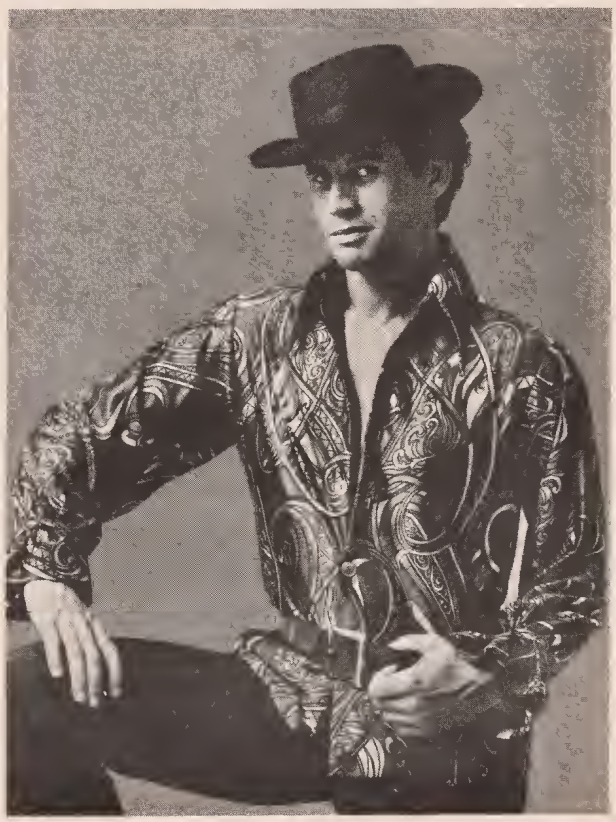
To such questions as "Do you ride horseback?" "Swim?" "Play snooker?" "Type?" "Dance the Foxtrot, Bagatelle, or Slop?" "Shoot crap?" "Speak French (with your mouth full)?" "Smoke?" "Cheat?" and "Rim?" answer: EXCEPTIONALLY WELL. Your first job will be backing up Miss America in a domino game for a beer ad. Or you'll be a criminal abortionist for one of the pulps, courtesy of Charlie Ryan (you're lucky if he pays you several months after the job). Don't turn anything down, don't say no to anything—and don't smile unless the fruit (Charlie Ryan is not a fruit, he's just a determinedly small-time flesh-peddler who discourages dreams) wants to look into your mouth. If you are too vivacious they will think you want to be a serious actor and won't be diligent about your modeling career. All models *say* they want to be actors, but the top ones have no aspirations except to pull down fees amounting to five figures annually, wear pretty clothes, go to brunches on the East Side where they are purely decorative (see "Camping Out with Auntie Butch" in GAY) and find some older successful narcissistic model to keep them.

Remember there are drawbacks: models have no union. They are too self-centered and vapid to organize. Prints and stills can be used over and over by the magazine or photographer without additional royalties to you, and what the hell are you going to do—sue? You fucked or sucked to get started in the first place, what do you want—the Law on your side? The only thing you have on your side is youth and the current taste, which is not about to change all that drastically for long, no matter how hot the Uglies are just now. The simple reason is this: the photogs, the ad people and the agents *and* the public don't want themselves, they want an Ideal. The result of the Anglo-Saxon Myth of superiority (including token Afros, if they have big cocks, ball good, and don't spout off about the Muslims or getting a little white poontang). Where else but in SCREW can you find a scrawny, poorly-hung, pimply, scraggly-toothed model? That's because

the **SCREW** models are all straight, particularly the ones featured in "Homosexual Citizen."

All of this is intended as encouragement, because we all know Madison Avenue, taste-makers to America, have the best interests of our society at heart. Once they succeed in making all the men in the boondocks into the *Playboy* robot, we'll have no more riots for students' rights, no more M-Days, no more Unisexuals (see "Sex Advice for Failures" by Una Sex), no more fucking to make babies *and* a smaller population. Out of good evil, and out of evil good. If you believe it will happen, then someone plugged your calostomy, but getting there is half the fun, isn't it?

So become a model—a model cocksucker. Loosen your sphincter and take it with grace. *Don't* smile for the birdie. You'll make it, Jack. Just don't be bitter if you don't. Bitterness shows in lines, and we can't have that. Real character just won't do. The photogs touch that in.



SHIT LIST

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Welcome to Heartbreak Hotel where you may share with me the pathos of everyday life in the big city amidst the boobs and the unglued. Today's report will once more ferment race hatred and clear the bile from you constipated asses in SCREWLAND.

STUPENDOUS SHITS

DANIEL S. MEAD. Number One in this category is this second-rate literary agent, who plunders earnest amateur writers of their hopes and dreams with promises of illusionary success as producers of the great American novel. This freak-Mead is pushing an anti-pornography contest and the only thing we know that illustrates his porno fears are his hustling ads for reading fees. He is just as bad as the vanity press and a bigger ass (anus) to boot. Write to the schmuck at 915 Broadway in New York City.

ARCHIE GORDON. The distributor of SCREW and Fuehrer of his covered wagon outfit has refused to give me route cards because he says "knowing where SCREW is sold is none of my business." If Archie doesn't give me the data pronto, I will publish his and his daughter's home address and phone number. It's none of his business if I do, of course. Fuck you Archie and I hope the Public Morals Squad arrests you again, soon!

THE TELEPHONE COMPANY FOR CONTINUING TO MAINTAIN AND EPITOMIZE THE ULTIMATE IN CRUDDY INFERIORITY COMBINED WITH

MENDACITY, STUPIDITY AND A DESIRE BY ITS OPERATORS TO HAVE A PNEUMATIC DRILL RAMMED UP THEIR DEAD HOLES TO SEE IF LIFE, OR ITS REPLICA, STILL EXISTS IN THEIR INERT CUNTY CAVES.

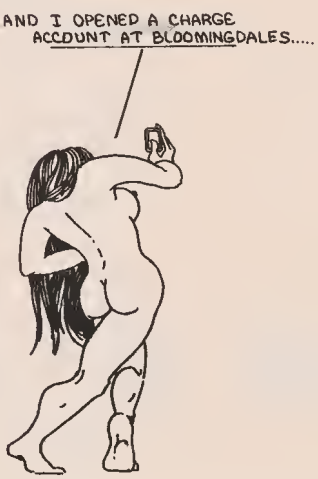
BOB AMSEL is a refugee from a bad transplant operation and a sad drag queen and in addition he has an advanced case of the anal quivers. He writes this paper's Naked City column and uses it as a ploy to meet young cock. Don't get me wrong, I hate Bob and only wish that his love idol, Senator Marchi would relent and unzip so that Amsel could partake in the ultimate last supper.

GOOD GUYS

DICK SCHAAP, noted author, TV personality (The Joe Namath Show), and Moratorium Day 'effete snob', for being one of the nicer people in the world.

LARRY SPANGLER, President of Spangler Television, for giving SCREW reporter, Ken Gaul, a memorable hour with Joe Namath in the back of his limousine.

TAD DDWD, PR man for Joe Namath, for keeping the same SCREW reporter from being ravaged by 30 screaming teenyboppers. (That makes him a *good* guy?)



★ SEX ADVICE FOR FAILURES ★

UNA SEX SEZ:

Readers are expressing curiosity as to what the titular head of the Unisex movement thinks about during private reveries, and well they might. Apart from dreaming about the day when they will perfect the grafting of a cock as big as Forrest Tucker's onto the forehead of a creature with tits like Isabel Sarli's, well...

We have been wondering of late, midst all our accolades and threats, et cetera, just how large our Unisexual impact has been on humankind and congratulated ourself when we realized that we have made at least one old chestnut of a joke obsolete. And they say the same old jokes, with new dressing (up, down or to the left) always work. Well, duckies, they don't!

Remember the one about the two children outside the nudist colony wall who were dying to know what was going on within? *You* know, where the little boy stands on the little cunt's shoulders to get a peek over? She asks him, "What do you see?" "People," he replies. "What kind of people?" "Grown-ups, I guess." "Are they girl or boy grown-ups?" she wonders. "Hell, how should I know," answers the little fucker, "they haven't got any clothes on!" If they got dressed *now*, Junior would *still* be confused. Right? Thank Unisex for that.

These days you have to go to bed with whatever it is, and then, of course, you can't be sure. What's the difference anyway as long as you get your rocks off with the greatest possible enjoyment for all? Hmmmm?

In case you're having trouble with anything in the realm of sexual joy and fulfillment, do write Una your problem. Be sure to indicate whether you are Genitally Male or Genitally Female—about the only arbitrary distinction we care to make. However, do give us your first name and your age.

OH, FOR A NAVEL ENGAGEMENT WITH THE LOSS OF SEMEN

Dear Una,

I dig naturalness the most, and I thought I'd found Nature's Child in Mary Ardis. No false eyelashes, no lipstick, no fall, no perfumes to sweeten her natural fetid aroma. That first night we shared a joint, sniffed a popper and languidly began to undress each other. And what did I discover? Mary Ardis has no navel! That's right. She hated her navel and so she had it removed by means of complicated and costly plastic surgery. I lost my hard-on and haven't been able to get it back no matter how I try. I dig this chick the most, but the blank belly staring up at me is too much. Shall I try to forget her?

Giggie, GM, age 30

Dear Giggie (Are You One of the Meat-Hook Giggies?),

If Mary Ardis feels as strongly about you as you do about her, she could submit to a minor and cheap operation which is so popular now, restoring the navel "look" while not creating a permanent one. The skin is simply gathered up into a little pucker by means of catgut, a whisper of lint scrunched in, and there you are! In case things don't work out, it is very simple to have the stitching removed and—presto—goodbye unwanted belly-button. Frankly, I think you and Mary Ardis have a match that was made in heaven. If the absence or presence of an umbilical scar means that much to either of you, you're both too whacked up for anyone else to want. Before you go too far, though, you'd better check assholes. What you may find there might transcend belly-buttons.

Una—

SHHH—DON'T WAKE HIM UP

Dear Una,

All my life I've heard about the phenomenon known as the "wet dream." What exactly is this? I do not believe I have had one.

Algernon, GM, age 51

Dear Algernon,

You haven't missed a thing, honey, and at you age I wouldn't worry about it. But if it will make you feel any better, well, it's simply peeing in your sleep. So don't drink too much Ovaltine before bedtime.

Una—

TROUBLE IN SUBURBIA

Dear Una,

Esther and I have been married for fifteen years now, and all of a sudden she's started eating crackers in bed. This just bugs the hell out of me and I can't get comfortable with my crossword puzzle after we've sacked out. What can I do to make her break this annoying habit?

Alonzo, GM, age 31

Dear Alonzo,

I could recommend the classic retaliation, which is sand in the Vaseline, but since you two seem so bored with each other in bed that you resort to food and solitary games, I'd suggest the pre-Sexual Revolution alternative: twin beds. Then invite another couple over via an ad in SCREW. Tell one to bring peanut butter and the other the *Daily News*. If it works out, then then wrong people are reading this paper.

Una—

AY! THERE'S THE RUB

Dear Una,

I realize you don't write a column of advice on good manners, but what do you think of a lady who, when you're exhausted and already have a headache from drinking, plunks her ass down on your face and rubs herself off with your nose? My friends and relations are in disagreement about this.

Gus, GM, over 21

Dear Gus,

First of all, that's no lady, that's your wife. Heh, heh. But to get down to the nitty-clitty, as it were, essentially my column *is* about good manners, since manners are consideration, and successful sex, whatever your bag, is a matter of learning to get along to everyone's mutual satisfaction. Failure in bed is rude, ducky. And it seems to me you are the rude one to get so exhausted and drunk you can't gratify your lady fair. Unless your nose happens to be more lovable than your cock, in which case she's not being entirely deprived—and all you have to do is hold your breath or breathe through your mouth. Pussy hairs are an excellent filter for polluted air, they say. As for your friends and relatives, they will never never agree about your sex life anyway, so keep mum. Lie there like a man. And keep your nose clean.

Una—

LETTER-OF-THE-WEEK

Dear Una,

Oswald likes for me to stick my hand, all of it, up his ass and try to flair my fingers during sex. He gets so excited he doesn't know the time of day. Is this harmful?

Felangia, GF, age 49

Dear Felangia,

It depends on whether he's late for work a lot. If that's the case, be sure to wear your Lady Bulova on the right (or wrong) hand. Somebody's got to keep in touch.

Una—

[Una will help you solve all your interminable grapplings with the human condition. Send all correspondence to: UNA SEX, c/o SCREW, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011]

MORONS IN MEDIA

O.D. CHANCE

HILLBILLY HOGSHIT

As the camera pans in on the Clambake's huge mansion, a Kiwanis band plays the theme: There's Gold in Them Thar Boobs (i.e.,the audience). Cut to a huge living room, decorated in neo-Castro Convertible Showroom. Canned laughter. Several goats graze at the fireplace, over which hangs a framed copy of the *Readers Digest*. A herd of 300 heifers can be seen in the distant dining room. While his family looks on, young Jethro Clambake is trying to screw a cow—unsuccessfully. Canned laughter.

"Gol dang it!" says Jed, the tall, dignified patriarch of the Clambakes, as he alternates the thumb in his mouth with the one in his asshole, *"Where were you, Jethro, when the brains was given out?"*(more canned laughter)

"He's a chip off the old block," says Granny Clambake.

His face contorted with moronic intensity, Jethro continues his struggle to get into the cow. Jed alternates his thumbs. Canned laughter. Granny notices that her voluptuous offspring, Sis, is lying back on a soft with her legs spread wide and masturbating with a plumber's helper. Her eyes are rolling and the smacking suction noises are becoming a roar, and the honeysuckle smell of her pussy is causing nearby insects to perform Immelmann turns. Granny pulls hard on Jed's cock to get his attention.

"Just play with it, Granny Don't pull on it!" says Jed. *Oh, Sis, got dang it! I told you a million times, that ain't natural. Let your brother do it."* (canned laughter)

"Horse balls," gasps Sis. (canned laughter) *"He only loves cows."*

"Jethro is a dumb youngin," says Jed. *"If you're good* (canned laughter) *enough for me you're good enough for him."*

Canned laughter continues to be heard regularly at 10-second intervals, regardless of what is said.

"Golly geeharsfut," says Granny with a smile that would make a chimpunzee feel like Einstein, as she puts Jed's cock inside her. *"It warms my insides the way our family sticks together. When people see the Clambakes, they say 'That's what makes this country what it is'."*

*"You're rooting, tooting right,"*says Jed and alternates his thumbs.

The door bell sounds off with the opening notes of "Home on the Range". Granny admits a group of men, all in pin-stripe suits, led by guest star Albert Goldstein, the West Coast tycoon and entrepreneur, playing himself. Jethro doesn't even look up from his cock as he tries to hump the cow.

*"Howdy, stranger,"*says Jed. (The canned laughter machine rattles and coughs, but manages to come out with a laugh on schedule.)

"You must be Jed Clambake," says Al as he tries to avoid shsing Jed's hand.

"I reckon I am," says Jed.

"I'll get right to the point," says Al, with grave sincerity. *"Speaking on behalf of the boobs of California, I've come to ask you to run for President."*

"Well, golly gosh, if that don't beat all," says Jed, referring to the downhome realism of the previous plots. He alternates his thumbs. *"I'd be right proud."*

Cut to Al (known along the Sunset Strip as "Big Al, the Little Girl's Pal") directing the conversion of the Clambake Mansion to a campaign headquarters. Banners are hung everywhere, with slogans like, "Boobs for Clambake", "Vote for Clambake–he's one of us", and "Clambake for Boobisimus". Then the campaign workers–all luscious young things wearing only toenail polish–arrive and Al's whorehouse is open for business. Customers flood through the door. Jed Clambake nods his head presidentially and alternates his thumbs.

"Yes, sir," says Big Al lifting his head from within the pelvic recesses of a campaign worker, *"Jed. You and the family are famous. Every boob in the country identifies with you."*

"Makes a man right proud." (laugh machine is struggling but can barely hack out a laugh.)

"Now," says Big Al *"just stay up on this balcony and give these people* (he indicates the mob of customers) *a speech."* Jed begins and is greeted by canned applause.)

Meanwhile, business is brsk and Big Al walks around counting his roll of bills. The star attraction is Sis, whose own distinctive costume is a piece of hayseed. Told by Big Al that she must "do her piece", Sis is handling 10 customers an hour. Her only complaint is that *"none of them are as good as Daddy."* Now and then she blows somebody, her only complaint being that *"none of them are as good as Jethro."* Her other activities quickly gain her the nickname, "Handjob Anny"

Makes a man right proud," says Jed from the balcony. *"I know all you boobs are going to vote for me. Because I'm the American Dream come true."* (He alternates his thumbs.) *"Let us go forward together and finish the work so nobly begun. Let us build The Boob Society."*

Cut to giggling customer with a broad striped jacket and a flower that squirts water in your eye. Says he's Paul Hemorrhoids. Says he's the creator of a TV program about a family of good country folk who struck it rich. Says he'll take a quickie if there's a good looking cow available.

In the center of the living room, in the midst of hundreds of customers, Jethro is still trying to screw his cow.

Cut to Big Al rushing up from the basement with a gaudy newspaper in his hand, titled: "Fuckpisshitcockcuntsuck, the Beautiful People's Guide To A Liberated Sexuality".

"What you got there?" says Clambake, who can't read.

"Campaign literature," says Big Al.

"Heh, there's a picture of my dong. Why it makes a man right proud."

"He want the people to get to know the next President." (Laugh machine sputters and dies from being mocked.)

"Whoa, and there's Granny's cunt. I tell you, that was some pussy in its prime. But Sis is better now."

Clambake sees his son still trying to screw the cow. He walks over and knocks him on the floor. With evident pride and practice he leaps against the cow and nails it. Jethro, still sprawled on the ground, smiles in approval of his father's actions. Then he gets up and looks closely at the cow's rear parts. Suddenly, Jethro explodes in chortling laughter.

"But Daddy, that ain't nothing! (Jethro grins). *I was trying to screw her in the ass."*

"You boy," says Clambake without rancor, (while screwing the cow), *"you are a mite'sword. I knew I shouldn't have married my sister."*

Cut to Big Al bursting through the front door, shouting and calling all the family together.

"We won, we won. We won by a boobslide! Now you're president of the country."

"Golly dang," says Clambake, *"don't seem like it could hardly happen."*

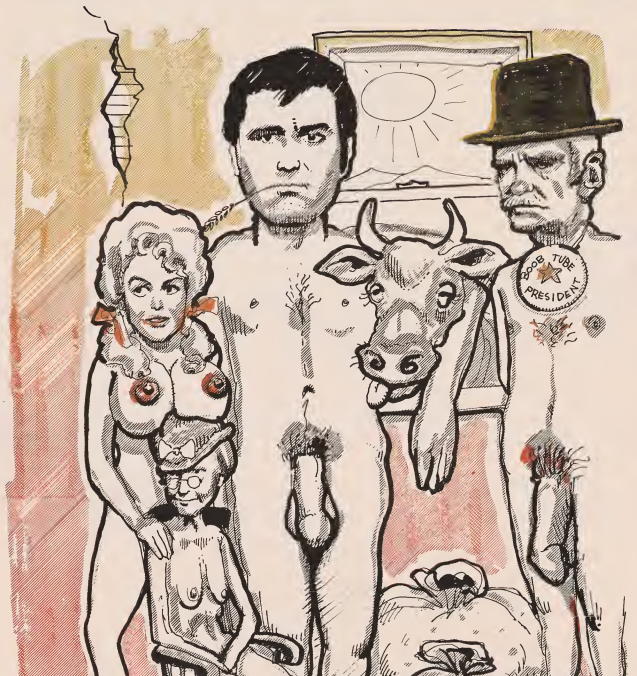
"This, stupid," says Big Al, *"is boobtubeland."*

Cut to the White House several weeks after the inauguration. President Clambake alternates his thumbs. While Sis and Granny are busy with his balls, Big Al, now Secretary of State, is praising the stability of our democratic system. . .

". . . why, Nikious was out and you were in and nobody even noticed the change. . ."

"Makes a man right proud. . ."

In the Oval Room, Jethro is trying to screw a cow, in the ass, of course. Dissolve.



"Is This What You Meant By Driving Me Home?"

DIRTY DIVERSIONS BY AL GOLDSTEIN

The deification of Lenny Bruce among my freaky peers continues, and as the legend about him grows via an appreciation for his wit and pertinency, plus a feeling of guilt at all the bum raps he took at the hands of the "establishment" it becomes even harder to analyze his contribution to humor with a clear head by all the heads who now dig him.

In a way I've been guilty of the same delusional crap. Only a recent visit to the Ratfink Room in the The Roundtable at 151 East 50th Street, convinced me that as good as Lenny Bruce was, and he was good, there are better comedians around, and though this may sound like heresy, THE GREATEST COMEDIAN I HAVE EVER SEEN WORKING EXHIBITS HIS WARES THERE NIGHTLY AND I DON'T MEAN HENNY YOUNGMAN. HE'S ABUSIVE, ABRASIVE, ARGUMENTIVE AND BRILLIANTLY ON TARGET WITH GREAT MATERIAL AND REAL PRO TIMING. WHO'S THAT, YOU SAY? JACKIE KANNON.

This guy is a SCREW editorial come to life. He offends everyone and I loved his unbelievable whiplash barrage of barbs, brickbats and prickbrats to such a degree that even after an hour I hoped the show would continue. Kannon is the greatest and a one man show that contains more humor and truth than a month of the pap of TV "Comedians" like Johnny Carson and abominable Joey Bishop. Why the fuck doesn't Spiro ask why Jackie Kannon is never on TV? What about his freedom? And my freedom to see him?

The point is that this guy is so truthful and so void of bullshit that the media wouldn't touch him with a zoom lense or a shotgun mike. People forget that even Lenny Bruce was once on the Ed Sullivan show.

I first saw Lenny Bruce in some coal-minish nightclub at 37th Street and Lexington, and then I probably caught him in person another eight times before he died from a drug overdose. At the end of his career all he spoke about was the law and his last bust. SCREW can sympathize since we have told friends about our three arrests so often that they avoid us at the steam baths. But even before his tangles with the law, Lenny Bruce was more potential than realization. Many schticks were creative extensions of existential humor, but more often than not, he missed Kannon isn't always on the right track either, but in spite of some clinkers he scores about 90% of the time which is truly a Herculean feat.

Many of the selfsame people who are Lenny Bruce fanatics won't like Jackie Kannon. He is too professional and has the vaudevillian's scope, range and feel for an audience. Lenny Bruce was insensitive to the mood of the audience and just worked. Kannon insults his group with the fighting precision of a character in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf"

The high-speed delivery of his jibes and destructions include some of the following: smoking, all TV commercials, motherhood, Catholics, Wasps, Southerners, Spades. Spics Kikes, women, the broads in the audience, Spiro, Nixon, Lyndon Baines Johnson, me (when I was in the audience) his fellow comedians and he so upset two moronic rednecks that they stormed out during his performance.

Many issues ago I gave the Ratfink Room a zero rating because they wouldn't let me in because of sloppy attire. This time I conceded in the ultimate fashion and wore my courtroom suit WITH a shirt and tie as I entered the holy grounds. IT WAS WORTH IT AND IF YOU MISS THIS SHOW YOU ARE THE STUPID SCHMUCK THAT YOUR WIFE AND DILDO MAKER KNOW YOU TO BE. Nightly shows are at 10 pm and 11:30. The minimum of $6 is high but well worth it when you consider the $3 price of cruddy movies and $25 for "Oh Calcutta." The ughest clap-ridden whore on Times Square costs more and she is usually involved in a threesome with Amanda (the pig from Futz) and Jim Buckley (the pig from SCREW).

I won't PETER METER this show since I'm too anxious to get my rating system into the following movie. Suffice it to say, even for out-of-tune SCREW readers that if you don't follow up on my strong endorsement and go to the Ratfink Room, then I hope you croak in your sleep tonight!!!!!

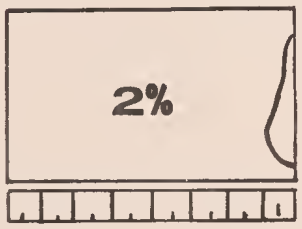
SCREW is interested in investing its suplus billions and so recently we saw a screening of a film called "The Hang-up". The purpose of that convenience was to entice us to spend some money on a film in an effort at diversification. We wanted to get on the sexploitation bandwagon since we have felt left out with such a conservative enterprise as Milky Way. We haven't been busted in 16 issues and that means respectability and weekly contributions to the church will only be a matter of time.

The film opened at the Hudson last week and I decided to hold my review for a week, since I didn't see the film as a reviewer, but rather as a prospective investor. Putting money in this film would be tantamount to making paper dolls out of it and financing the Hollywood career of Mario Procaccino as "another pretty face".

The plot dealt with a detective on the fag-drag beat. He looked like Jonathan Winters and the "girls" looked even worse. The femme "lead" resembled an overweight elephant and had the acting abilities of a handball court.

The picture was fake on every level and was the worst sex film I have ever seen. It's sexually such a turn-off that I feel it was a joint effort of Father Hill (what ever became of him?) and the Morals Squad. In fact some of the extras looked like moonlighting assistant district attorneys.

THE HANG-UP IS AN UGLY FILM WITH UGLY PEOPLE AND I PETER-METER IT AS FOLLOWS:



POSSIBLE	ACTUAL
INTEREST-50%	INTEREST-0%
SEXUALITY-40%	SEXUALITY-0%
TECHNICAL-10%	TECHNICAL-2%
TOTAL-100%	TOTAL-2%

That's it for this issue, guys and gals. So light up this paper and happy smoking.

Homosexual Citizen

CAN CIVIL SERVANTS SUCK COCK?

BY LIGE AND JACK

Lige and Jack are male lovers who dig life together. They laugh at silly prejudices and laws that make love a crime and look forward to the day when homosexuals and heterosexuals are happily integrated. They are co-editors of GAY, a newspaper to which you may subscribe by sending $6 (for 13 issues) to Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

In the second issue of GAY we ran what Goldstein would deem a "serious" editorial on Government snooping. We printed actual questions which were used by Uncle (or Auntie) Sam in the sexual *interrogation* of a homosexual American citizen.

We now reprint those questions for SCREW with a new kind of twist for the SCREW mentality: we're offering Uncle Sam the kind of answers we hope a SCREW reader might give if he were questioned about his personal sex life. Keep in mind that these questions were *actually* asked! But also remember that you should NEVER, in real life answer the government's questions about your sex life or about anyone else's. Tell'em to shove their stupid questions!

The following inquiry was recently made by the Department of Defense at a Field Board Hearing in New York City. The answers, of course, were not those of the poor bloke who was being interrogated—but are *our* own.

For how long have you been a practicing homosexual?
It all began about the same time that I started to practice the piano. Practicing the piano was a hell of a lot more difficult than practicing to be a homosexual. I didn't have to practice much at all to be gay and I still know how. But I practiced for years on the piano and today I can't play a note!

At what age did you have your first homosexual experience?
Less than an hour after my birth. My father turned on to me.

What did it consist of?
Kissing. My father kissed me.

Was it frottage, mutual masturbation or could you give your terminology for it?
I can't remember what happened. . . but my mother tells me that he picked me up and handled my ass. Then he hugged me and patted me on the ass. It was yummy.

Have you ever had a heterosexual experience?
Oh yes. My first heterosexual experience took place in the corner of the church where we used to play. I was six years old and I poked my finger all the way into a playmate's hole as we both lay behind the church altar. An eleven-year-old boy was there too and he tried to poke it in me while I poked it in her. We all had a ball. I felt very holy.

Have these homosexual experiences been with some regularity, or have they been periodic sporadic things?
They occur sporadically, with regularity, every day.

(With regard to a particular experience) You didn't have an emission?
Do you mean did I "cum" or not? Is that what that fancy word means? Emission? Why don't you speak English?

Did you have homosexual experiences with some frequency while you were at college?
The chaplain and I did it quite a few times. . . and the ROTC director too. . . he was always horny. He used to come into my room and say "March" and then we'd goosestep all over the place. Of course, I couldn't resist all of the handsome Army and Navy recruiters, and the Marine Corps recruiter and I got along especially well. Not nearly as well, however as the Nixon representative who gave a speech at graduation. He said, "I'm Nixon's man." At that moment I realized he was available and so I enticed him to be mine, too. But I had very little to do with the other students sexually. The football team was an exception, however. Oh. . . and I almost forgot: the basketball team and the baseball team. We all used to have grand times together. . . *all* of us!

Were the gaps (in occurences of homosexual relationships) more frequent than the periods of regularity or were the periods of regularity more frequent than the gaps?
As long as I ate meat, regularity was a problem. My problems with regularity stopped when I started my macrobiotic diet. Macrobiotics go right through you. Sex on a full stomach is a drag. Happiness is in the bowels. That's my whole philosophy. Eat right and there are no gaps in regularity.

Did you meet him (a particular partner) at school or was there some other meeting place or means of meeting?
I'll have you know we were quite properly introduced by the Catholic chaplain. The chaplain told me: you fuck him in the ass while I blow him. It was all very carefully arranged. You wouldn't expect me to meet Nixon's best buddy under less proper circumstances, would you?

As far as your relationship with this unnamed person is concerned, could you define, or would you explain the type of relationship that you had, that is, the mechanic or tactic or technique employed?
Oh yes. Since he was a representative of the Nixon administration and since the chaplain was a priest, we arranged things in the most patriotic and religious fashion. We inserted a Bible under his hips and draped a flag over his face (he wasn't too handsome) and everytime I shoved it to him, I said, "Heil Nixon" and the priest, who was kneeling and slobbering on his 2-inch cock said "Hell Mary!" He was disppointed at his end of the bargain.

Who did what with which to whom?
Are you conjugating verbs or asking a personal question? The truth is that I couldn't begin to remember every delicious detail. We were all very. . . well. . . what should I say. . . versatile.

(With regard to a particular act) Were you the inserter or were you the receptor?
It depends on what part of the act you're talking about. I inserted my tongue while kissing, yes; on the other hand, I received the Nixon man's tongue as well. . . in my ass!

Were there any other acts which you found sexually stimulating?
Yes, and I've named one too. It's called *Government Grope.* It is orgiastic in nature. Both straights and gays can take part. It's a wonderful way to spend time among Civil Service bureaucrats who lie around lazily. . . getting paid by taxpayers whose money is actually being spent on fruity witch hunts for homosexuals in the Government. My Nixon supporter friend took me to Washington to partake of such a "Grope." He invited several high-ranking generals from the Pentagon, a girl who said she worked for Senator Thurmond, a handsome boy who stands guard at the White House, and one of John Macy's (Civil Service Director) cutest employees, and several security-clearance holders from the office of the Army Chief of Staff. We had a Government Grope. I'll never forget it!

And did these acts consist of petting, kissing, or what?
Mostly *what.*

Was there any mutual masturbation?
Nixon's supporter was a particulary adept masturbator. He kept moaning, "Spiro, oh, Spiro," which made me very suspicious about his romantic feelings for me. I think he was fantasizing about someone else.

Do your carry on mail correspondence with people with whom you had relationships?
I still write to Billy Graham but he's a bit uptight now, so, he won't answer. I cut off my correspondence with the Pope. He's a closet case. General Hershey doesn't write me either. . . particularly since he changed jobs. The only person I write to with any regularity is the evangelist, Oral. Oral, you know, is not oral at all. He's anal. I've been trying to strike up a liaison with J. Edgar. I hear he's a good lay.

That's all the questions, folks, but isn't it strange that the Government should be so concerned with such details? If you object to questions like these write to your elected representatives and raise a holy stink. Tell'em to make sure that Uncle Sam stops all of this petty peeping and unnecessary voyeurism. Next thing you know Sam will be wanting to climb in bed with you so that he can fuck you real good.

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POST OFFICE PEEP

Dear SCREW:

Today I had a run-in with the Postal Inspectors. It seems that only the printers in your office, one girl (so it was stated) who gave an incorrect box number to reply to, and 100 postal inspectors actually saw my ad in the issues nos. 29 & 33, (P.O. Box 81, Triangle, Va.) They informed me I was infringing on regulations governing the use of the postal box system! Suggested all forms of business, local home address etc., type investigations to help substantiate my "legitimate" use of said box. There would "never have been a problem" had I suggested a home street address of general delivery address in my ad.

I feel this information is noteworthy to your readers/advertisers in all fairness to those who are unaware. Pass it on to them as soon as your column space permits. OK?

Dennis Nordin
Triangle, Va.

Ed. Note: A pox on the Postmaster's box.

SORE LOSER

To E. Madden: Sorry, your jokes stink and we're not going to use them.

Thanks anyway,
SCREW's Moose

Response to Moose: You didn't have to louse up the jokes. Now I have to type them all over.

Your magazine is lousy, and you stink. You two bit jerk.

E. Madden
Syracuse, N.Y.

SPLIT-HEAD MORON

Dear SCREW:

When are you fucking degenerates going to start printing split beaver pictures again? What am I supposed to do in the meanwhile for whacking-off material? Buy "Kiss" every week in the meantime? Your mag without wide cunt pictures is like a jerk-off artist without hands.

H.W.B.
of South Jersey

[Ed. Note: If you've seen one "split beaver," you've seen them all! — J.B.]

12—BIT COMPLAINT

Dear SCREW:

I sent away a buck and a half of hard earned pimp money plus my last 32 cents for (money) order fee and postage for back copies 25,26,27. You send me back we don't honor this ad. Tell Moose for me to "Go Screw Himself" if he already has not done so.

Publish this if you dare!

Kraft Ebing's No. 1 son
Joel Branner

[Ed. Note: Stupid. . Moose is a girl!]

HARK! HE IS RISEN!

Dear SCREW:

I'm just writing to express my sorrow and codolences on Al Goldstein's death. It probably doesn't mean much to her, but please also convey them to his wife.

Regards,
Jerry Maneker
Orond, Maine

PSYCHIC SEER

Dear SCREW:

In the Shitlist column of issue 38, Jim Buckley mentions that he has not seen the movie "Fanny Hill", but yet he says "it's just another low-grade sexploitation movie, and probably doesn't deserve its fancy surroundings."

He is absolutely correct! Is this guy psychic? I unfortunately paid $2.50 to see this movie and it was a crock of shit.

There were 2 pairs of tits shown in the film, and one ass. The best part of the movie was when they showed a guy fucking a girl up the ass, but they made the scene look comical and ruined it completely.

This film has definitely no heat and is a complete waste. You may reprint this letter if you want, in your paper.

Sincerely,
Bob Hausman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

FORWARDED TO SCREW

November 17, 1969
New York Times
229 West 43rd Street
New York City, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

I was interested to read a couple of weeks ago an article in your newspaper condemning certain newspapers such as SCREW. This item suggested to me that you are still following your archaic slogan, "All the news that's fit to print" and thereby advocating a form of censorship. This is perfectly agreeable to me as one of your readers.

What causes my concern is your more recent comment on Mr. Spiro Agnew's remarks on the same subject. You should get your editorial thinking straight and if you believe that freedom of the press applies to big guys like you, then you have an obligation to stand up for the little guys who are just beginning.

You may not agree with what they have to say nor with the manner in which they say it, you must defend however their right to say it.

Very truly yours,
William F. Turner
N.Y.C.

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS COMPLAINTS and PROPOSITIONS to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, SCREW, P.O. Box 437, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011

TRIANGLE

Unlike most fuck films which open with participants fully clothed who then go through the tediously (and guiltily) motions of "foreplay", *Triangle* opens with a beautiful close-up of a girl sucking (and with gen-yoo-wine vigor, you may believe) a boy's cock, zooming slowly back to reveal another equally well-hung stud engaged in fucking her. They get right to it without a moment's delay. This elimination of an irrelevant preface heightens the mind-blowing immediacy of *Triangle*. How these three fucking machines got there is of no importance. The events leading up to this cosmic copulation, stimulating as they might be, are left unconsidered.

This flick was not made by a bunch of lames who got a prostitute, a camera, and some lights. Money can't buy the good vibrations that the leading lady gives off as the hippies hump her to the point of exhaustion. It looks as though this movie was made by people with previous film experience, possibly even professionals. The well-angled lighting, sharp photography and tight editing make *Triangle* a film which rips along at trip-hammer pace building with an ever-increasing frenzy when the girl is fucked faster than a belt-fed mortar.

The cast, all quite stoned, was choice not chance. The method employed here has much in it from which professionals could learn. It's dedication *all the way* as the two satyrs sock it to the lovely leading lady.

And lovely she is, this madonna of the movies with a body for which commercial films are still hungrily waiting. There's no faking here; she knows *what* to do and *how* to do it. While a lot of hung-up actresses hem and haw over whether or not they'll remove their blouses, here we have a girl who was through a long time ago with *talk!* It's *action* she's on for, not bullshit. And what action! At one point she's being eaten so well she becomes delirious so that one of the guys has to hold his hand over her mouth in case the neighbors hear. A cinemascope screen couldn't have done any better capturing the ecstasy on her beautiful face. She's into it completely.

This isn't the kind of studied, posed, *Playboy*-type sterility that Hollywood dumped on us for years as "sex appeal". The true-life performance that Our Lady of the Bedsheets gives in *Triangle* takes *joie de vivre*, not joie de franc. It means putting out, not putting on. Let's see Julie Christie, Sandy Dennis, Catherine Deneuve do *this* on the screen. This is a cup of refreshing nectar for the thirsty, a welcome relief for the weary and those who are bone-tired of that teasing crap that's been inflicted on us for so long. Come in out of the rain because this is The Warm from which commerical cinema has been hiding all these years.

This is the Stuff of Life, the Real Thing gloriously presented with pleasure for the pleasured. This is not for Mrs. Grundies, Mr. Zefferelli and other miscellaneous moralists and pious prudes. For a change here's a film that's fun to look at made by people having fun for those who like fun—all the rest to Bench W. Fuck you narrow-minded bastards who calls this "pornography". It just shows how backward and retarded you are. Cranky, inhibited creeps who can't appreciate a good fuck are jerk-off addicts—don't give 'em wine, give 'em "commercial cinema". It'll keep 'em running in circles of fantasy for years.

"Commercial cinema" means paying outrageous ticket prices only to stand in line like charity cases for pre-digested spoon-fed "entertainment". I laugh and laugh again when I think about the extravagant lenghts to which "commercial cinema" has gone to *hide reality*, building huge sets, populating them with casts of thousands who then go through the pompous and empty fantasies of demented scriptwriters and dull directors. It's always "bigger", "better" than before. When does it end? When is enough *enough?*

There sit the Darryl Zanucks, the Harry Saltzmans, the David Wolpers grinding out their disgusting epics of death and sadism and feeding them to the public like dog biscuits. *The Longest Day* was just blown up to 70mm and 8-track stereo to commemorate D-Day, as if the 35mm version wasn't bad enough. This year we're being cudgeled with *Battle of Britain, Anzio, Bridge at Remagen, Where Eagles Dare, The 1,000 Plane Raid*, and with epics of monumentally bad taste in productions like *Tora! Tora! Tora!* it seems as if there's no end in sight to this vile cycle of Ex-Lax Cinema.

The producers of the sadistic sagas shower us with wet words about how their films will teach us "the lesson of history" (Darryl Zanuck's ad in the *N.Y. Times* for *Tora! Tora! Tora!* is uppermost in my mind). But that's a lot of shit. Violence begets violence and brutality brutalizes, particularly when it is presented with the hypocritical heroism of Hollywood war films. After a while, this continual bombardment of war themes which always shows the use of deadly force as the only valid peace-making instrument, must have a bad effect. Bombings, killings and battles are accepted as "entertainment"; love, nudity and sex are denied as "immoral", "dangerous" and "pornographic".

If we can stand to see John Wayne beat down every conceivable human pedigree as we have for the past forty years, I think we can stand honestly presented love and sex on the screen, too. But commercial cinema will always stop short, even with films such as *I Am Curious*. They have to in order to protect revenue because if sex were actually on the screen, that would mark the end of the game. People wouldn't waste millions on narcotic celluloid dream worlds—they'd be out *living*. They'd get hip fast and would refuse to sit still for the pot-boiled slop that spills from the screen.

You don't need a theatre for *Triangle* (although it's fun to speculate on the effect it would have if it were sprung on an unsuspecting audience in one of the 3rd Ave/59th St. brothels), just an 8mm projector in your own home. Add your loved one (and a few jounts) and you'll be amazed at the markedly different (and much more healthy) effect this film will have. After seeing a commercial film in a theatre, you want to talk. After seeing *Triangle*, you want to fuck. Can you top that?

I'd like Vincent Canby, Judith Crist and Dwight Macdonald to get a load of *this*. Their near-sigbted eyeballs would pop from their sockets after watching the cast of *Triangle* bum up the screen with their horny histrionics. Those lugubrious lames who call themselves "critics" would fall out of their wheelchairs trying to analyze this prize piece of celluloid.

Next to *Triangle* and other well-made films of this genre, commercial films are just beating around the bush wasting time and money on "technique" pretentiously applied to a string of contrived conflicts which amount to nothing more than stilted, ritualistic sublimations.

"Acting" in commercial cinema consists of silly symbolic postures in a preconceived set of extenuating circumstances known as "drama", and millions gulp down this inedible chowder, like clucks, because a clique of obtuse "critics" (I just have to put quotes around it) manufacture punchcard rationalizations about how "artistic", "significant" and "moving" it is. Food for fools, that's what it is. You know that any emotions displayed on the screen are empty gestures bought on union scale.

As far as sex and love on the screen are concerned, we've been in a state of suspended animation since *The Kiss* (1898). *Triangle* might well be considered the long-awaited "sequel" to *The Kiss*. Indeed, both share exactly the same format: short running time; black and white small screen format; silent, single set; minimum cast. More, simply is not necessary, then and now.

A lot of people are, slowly but surely, getting wise to the massive swindle called "the movies" and only go occasionally to goof on them rather than take them seriously. As Jill St. John said in a commercial flick of not too long ago, "There's just boys and girls—all the rest is nothing." How true, Real love and real sex are more exciting and fun than any brew the witches and warlocks of Hollywood can stir up. And people, turning their backs on the murderous fantasies of Hollywood would like to see some reality in film. And not just another kind which shows carnage in minute detail, either.

We can thank the makers of *Triangle* for bringing us one step closer to this cinematic reality. They've shown it can be done with verve and style. The cast should all get Oscars, and the girl in particular deserves a Nobel Peace Prize for letting a camera record her magnificent display of one of life's greatest and most repeatable joys.

Praise the Lord, pass the pot and keep films like *Triangle* coming. They're where it's at!

BUCKLEY'S BALL BUSTERS

The art of telling dirty jokes may well be suffering its last desperate death throes. It's been a month since Buckley's Ball Busters appeared in SCREW. And do you know why? Do you? Huh? Here's why: "Two Jews went up to Mount Olive–She wasn't Home!" That's what some stupid putz expects you and me to laugh at? What with the material I have to work with, it's a lucky thing there is ever a Buckley's Ball Busters!

With these things in mind I now bring you the three best jokes from the mind of man in the past month. Two come from the fertile memory of Dean Latimer, one from an unknown. If you think you can top them, send your jokes to: SCREW, Joke Dept., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

$15 GRAND PRIZE

Mrs. Jones wakes up one day feeling kind of funny, you know, down in her gut. So she keeps little Willie, who's about six, home from school that day just in case anything happens. To keep him occupied, she gives him a balloon, and little Willie goes batting the balloon around the house . . . Anyway, come just before noon and Mrs. Jones all of a sudden has to *shit!!* So she goes running for the john while her guts bulge and scrape, and just as she gets there, *FAZOOMPH!*, the old shit just burst right through her panties and her girdle, *PPHSASPP*, down into the john. And she just rumbles for a minute on the toilet while the old shit pours out of her in buckets . . . And after it's over she goes to the phone and calls the doctor: "Oh, Doctor, Doctor, I just did this *awful* number in the *toilet* . . . Oh, save me, I'm sick. Come right away." And the doctor jumps in his car and speeds off toward the Jones' house.

BUT, while he's on his way, little Willie is batting the balloon around the house, and he comes to the toilet and bats it around there for a while. And sure enough, it falls in the toilet. Being a curious sort, he flushes the thing to see what'll happen. And the balloon, being lighter than shit, goes down and gets caught in the drain. So little Willie goes off to do something else.

Enter the doctor. Mrs. Jones shows him right to the toilet, where he kneels down, opens his bag, and takes out his instruments. Holding his nose, he takes a cup and starts scooping things out of it–it's all nuts and bolts, thumbtacks, fingernails, feathers and teeth–and putting them into little vials and jars. He takes a Bunsen burner and runs a qualitative analysis, puts on a Litmus test, all that. Then, taking a long sharp metal probe, he dips in and starts poking shit out. He gets fish heads, corn cobs, spark plugs, catseye marbles, and then–*KA–BLATT!*–he hits the balloon, and the explosion knocks him clear over into the bathtub.

And so, shaking the shit out of his hair, wiping it out of his eyes, blowing it out his nose, spitting it out of his mouth, he says, wonderingly, "Golly–first time I ever *saw* a *fart!*"

–Dean Latimer

$10–ALSO RAN

These two slave owners, LaValley and Sinclair, are talking about the problems of running a plantation in this day and age.

LaValley: Ah got a problem, Sinclair Ah just bought me forty acres of good bottomland, where Ah aim to grow me some cotton. Now, to work all this cotton, Ahm buyin' up this stock of field niggers, them big ugly stupid ones with the *re*-cedin' foreheads. Problem is, how do I keep 'em from mixn' with the domestic niggers, the tall High Yaller ones with the aristocratic features and the high intelligence? I don't want 'em mongrelized with these field slaves.

Sinclair: Simple, LaValley. You gotta brick 'em.

LaValley: Brick 'em? How do y'all do that?

Sinclair: Well, y'all issues them these raggly-taggly work britches, see, making sure they all got big holes in the crotches. Then you takes two bricks, see, one in either hand. And while these niggers is bent over picking the cotton with their legs spread, their balls will be hanging out of their trousers, and you just sneak up behind of 'em an' *brick* em–*clap* –like that.

LaValley: Ooooo–don't it *hurt?*

Sinclair: Oh, not too much, so long as you keep your thumbs up *side* the bricks . . .

–Dean Latimer

$5–BETTER'N NOTHING

Two farm boys had a horse and buggy and tied around the horse's balls was a string. A woman saw the string and turned them in to the Humane Society. The man from the Humane Society got to the farm just as the boys were about to go for a ride. "You boys get that string off that horse's balls," he shouted. One boy turned to the other and said, "Well, there goes passing gear."

–Unknown

THE GREAT FUCKZINE ★★★WAR★★★

Copenhagen:

Rapes and other sex crimes in Denmark are down. At the same time, cocks are rising rapidly because Danes are free to buy all the pornography their horny pricks desire.

Recently, however, an 18-year-old girl was raped in Denmark and a few Danes got upset and foolishly blamed her rape on the fact that pornography is flowing freely all over the country. But police statistics show that since the Danes have had free access to all of the fucking, sucking, eating, licking and orgy photos they want, there seems to be a direct connection between the *freedom to buy* these photos and the *decrease in crime.*

An official of Denmark's Sociological Institute, Mr Erik Manniche, says: "Many were afraid that the release of pornography would weaken the national character. I believe that the reverse has occurred. People no longer feel compelled to go to extremes to satisfy their sexual needs. There is more freedom." There *were* actually more sex crimes in Denmark when women wore long skirts.

An official of Denmark's Criminological Institute, who is working on a sex report for the American government, says: "In fact it is too early to give a statement, but I can say that at the same time that pornography has been easier to obtain, the number of sexual crimes has dropped."

Psychologist Sten Hegeler says: "I think it will be impossible to prove that there is a direct connection between the rise in pornography and the decrease in sex crimes, but personally, I am 100% sure that the connection exists."

PORNO WAR IS DECLARED

Although SCREW (the mightiest, the best-selling, and the most fun) has never had a reason to declare a defensive war on its competitors, we sincerely hope that the current European war between pornography producers is no portent of America's future. One of the most famous Swedish pornography editors has declared open war agains Danish publishers, and has called on the Department of Justice and the Swedish police to assist him in his fight. SCREW, we think, would fail to get such easy cooperation from the fuzz should such a war erupt hereabouts.

Hilding Persson, the Swedish editor, says that he's a "decent" pornography producer, and that he is much inconvenienced by Danish competition. He has arranged for a number of raids to take place, and Danish books are confiscated by Swedish police whenever Persson points his bony finger.

Persson is a jealous ratfink. SCREW would be thoroughly ashamed to use his impotent tactics. He's actually "indecent", and he should be cursed with a limp cock for suggesting that Swedish authorities clamp down on "less decent" pornographers!

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Here are some excellent items for any collector of erotica. They are the *real* little, erotic cartoon booklets (9 of them) which are available at $4 per set. They can be ordered only from: J.R. KATES, Box 837, Cherryville, Pa. 18035. . . And I assure you, that these items are the real thing.

NOTICE: When replying to ANY and ALL of the companies I mention. . . be sure to ADD THAT YOU SAW IT MENTIONED IN MY COLUMN so that they will know where you heard about them and will give your order *prompt* service.

A penis-shaped pipe. . . called the VERGE PIPE, is being offered at the cost of $4, from: AQUARIUS, Box 4194, Sunrise, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33304. It comes in four colors. Soul Brown, Terra Cotta, Passion Blue, and Caucasoid Beige. The pipe is a replica, in detail, of an artifact found by underwater archeologists in a sacrificial cenotaph near the Mayan Ceremonial Center of Oaxitajuitl, on the Yucatan Peninsula. The original was made toward the end of the classical Mayan period. . . approximately 900 A.D.

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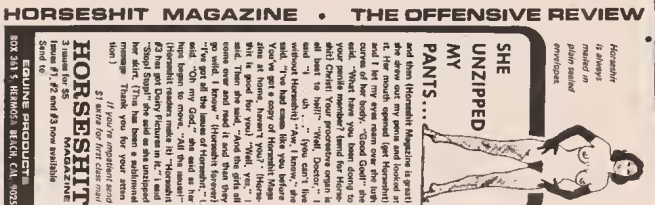

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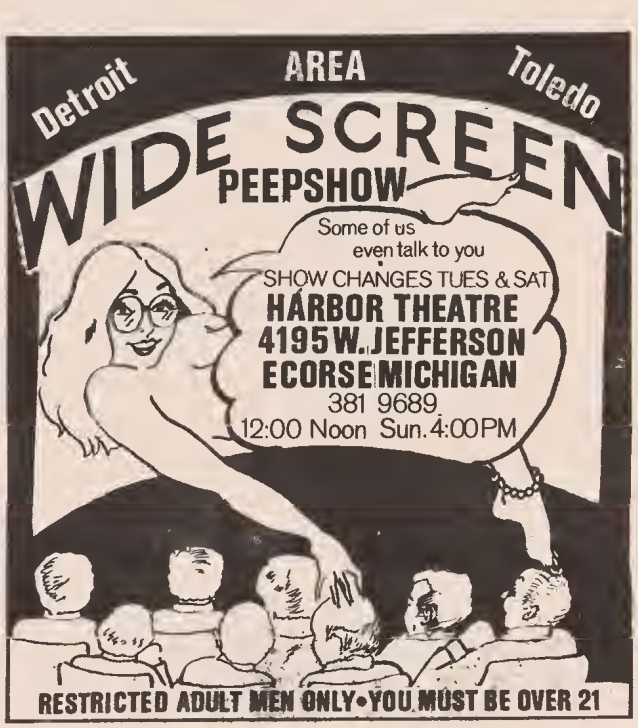

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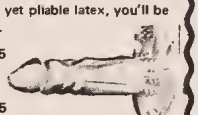

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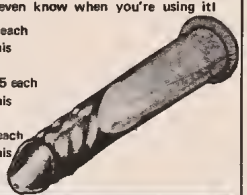

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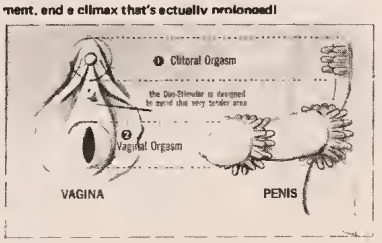

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Sceen Distributers
8250 E. Lansing Road
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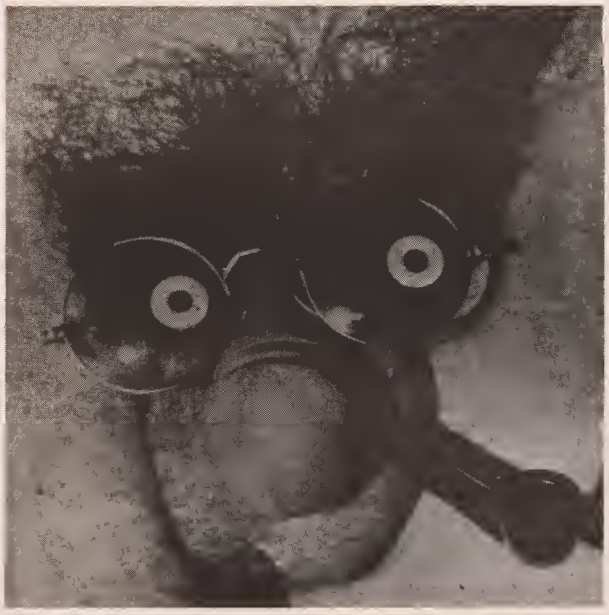

BAUBLES & BALLS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word for personal classified. SUBSCRIBER RATES: First 25 words $1.00, 10 cents per word thereafter. Good only when sending in new subscription or renewal, otherwise personal ads are 10 cents per word.

COMMERCIAL RATES: 20 cents Per Word, $5.00 minimum. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISERS ARE NOT ELIGIBLE FOR SUBSCRIBER RATES. MAIL TO: Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

PHILADEPHIA AREA GIRLS; clean, for complete sexual enjoyment and pleasure, with well-endowed men (3). All replies kept confidential. For fast service send photo and phone number. Guy Ross, P.O. Box 3173, Phila. Pa. 19150.

ATTENTION, Eastern Virginia Nymphos - white, cultured, 6', 200 lb, 40-ish male offering complete oral gratification in all physical areas. — French and Greek culture expertly satisfied orally. Only nympho-type, sincere, confidential, very discreet females, 20-50. No phonies, no men, no fags. Lesbian and nympho or 2 nymphos acceptable. Any color - married or single. Prefer small build. Send photo, phone and desires to Ames-Beaco, Box 344-R, Arlington, Va. 22210. Photos returned. All mail answered. Ultra discretion.

VERY HANDSOME, white, male student, 21 - intelligent, sensitive - coming home to NYC for December-January for good times. Women w/photo write: Normal Paul Claire, Box 299, Grinnell, Iowa 50112

BONDAGE CATALOG - offers over 50 different devices to the collector all fully illustrated and described from chastity belts to witch's cradles. $3 refundable. Box 653, 1550 Dayton, Aurora, Colorado 80010.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA: One to four men, ages 24,30,32,38. Seeking female companionship. Bullshit. We want to ball and eat it. Call: LOP-0297 or PRO-4277. Show you S.F. and have a fucking good time. Have much superfine no. 13.

QUIET & LONELY male, 23, wishes to meet good-looking female in same boat for mutual sexual enjoyment. Call George after 6 PM, 201-254-3567.

NUDE BOYS & MEN, all types, Sizes & shapes. Photo sets, slides, movies magazines. Get our 32-page catalog plus BIG sample. Send $1 & state in writing you are over 21. MIKE DIAMOND PRODUCTIONS, 7471 Melrose Ave., Dept.-Y, Hollywood, Calif. 90046

BOND MAN who seeks to surrender his lean, muscular, bare-skinned, tanned young body to benevolent, firm master. Call TML-WLPA. Alec.

OHIO AREA: Single, white male, 45, would like to meet uninhibited couples and sensuous women any age. 216-221-7319, Frank.

DISCREET RETREAT! White male executive, middle 40's, too busy to cruise, will consider sharing his 2-bedroom Brooklyn apartment - absolutely free (plus food and booze) - in exchange for satisfactory relationship. No drug hangups or weirdos. Non-white males only. Phone 467-0445.

HEALTH MATES & VIBRATORS, $4 for cordless battery-operated vibrators, 7 x 1½. Recommended by doctors. Strap-on Rubber Health Mates, 6 x 1½ - $4. We pay postage. Health Products, Dept. G, Box 764, Radio City Station, NYC, NY 10019

SEXUAL CLIMAX - is a totally beautiful experience WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21 send $2 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to: Bacchus & Co. P.O. Box 487, Mill Valley, Calif.

Will the beautiful dark-haired girl from RIVERDALE please call Larry at YCLXHBN.

YOUNG MUFFDIVER, large tool - UN4-3300 Apt. 800A

TEXAS SWINGING MALE - mid-30's - seeks beautiful swinging female, 20's, early 30's, who enjoys going "69", and Greek culture. Prefer Houston area but will travel state if well suited. Revealing photo, phone number and please state desires in first letter. Will answer all. Larry B. Box 1265 Bellaire, Texas 77401

LOS ANGELES AREA: Hip bisexual male, 27, oral expert, will satisfy hip guys (long haired) or hip couples. Tod Gordon, Box 2673, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. Phone 213-881-6393.

SWINGING HELP NEEDED -- Swinging business needs attractive young ladies to help sell and entertain buyers. Photo and phone for immediate interview. Box 33, Fairview, N. J.

FEATURE FILM: Men and women, ages 18-50, needed for major film company, to shoot on location. Nudity is necessary. Send pictures and telephone number to: Casting, Room 5B, 145 E. 49th St., NYC, NY 10017.

MALE, 27, wants to meet chick 20-40 who can teach me at my pad or hers what I haven't learned yet. Send photo and phone to Boxholder, P.O. Box 1589, Paterson, N.J. 07509. Color no barrier. No hustlers or men.

INCOGNITO 1970 GAY GUIDE - Bars, hotels, etc....listed all over Europe. Printed, colored, pocketsize, up-to-date. Send $3 to P. Bonnard - B. P. 29, Paris, 15, France.

WRITERS — IF YOU'VE GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR AND CAN WRITE ABOUT SEX, YOU MIGHT BECOME FAMOUS BY WRITING FOR SCREW. AND EVEN IF YOU DON'T BECOME FAMOUS AT LEAST YOU GET PAID WELL. SEND US A SAMPLE OF YOUR WRITING AND LET US BE THE JUDGE. WRITE TO: Milky Way Productions, Three R's, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea, Sta., NYC, NY 10011

GROOVY MALE NUDES 18 and up available in your home for $35/session ... complete discretion and integrity assured. 355—6196 3 PM to 11 PM, 7 days.

GIRLS—Do you want to meet a nice guy? I want a nice free-thinking girlfriend. Call me evenings at 212-TTG-KKNT. Whites only. No wayouts.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 25, sincere, warm, understanding, fun-loving, seeks very shapely, sexy, passionate female for Prolonged sexual intimacy and meaningful relationship. Am tender and affectionate and desire unselfish love-making. End boredom and frustration with fulfilled pleasure. Must be very shapely. Call Ron, 787-5748 after 9 PM and all weekend.

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For sophisticated couples & singles everywhere who value discretion and confidence: A modern club devoted to unusual, exciting correspondence with friends whose interests are similar.

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Movies*Foto-magazines**
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The most advanced selection of exquisitely produced erotic material at reasonable prices. Adults only. Act today! Only $2 rushes you our NEW "richly illustrated" catalog and free introductory gift sample. Export Service, Dept. S$, Box 59, Savedalen, Sweden.

UNUSUAL SEX PRODUCTS
Send stamped self-addressed envelope for information to
Art Form Products, Box 815, Ojus, Florida 33163.

'MEN.

For the first time in the U.S.A.—MAGNAPHALL the new scientific wonder method of improving virility and actually increasing man's vital dimensions. A method that is absolutely safe, involves no drugs or apparatus, and is GUARANTEED.

Developed in England after years of research, MAGNAPHALL has benefited tens of thousands of men all over Europe. There is no longer need for any man to envy the sexual vigour or proportions of others. You don't have to take our word for it—we can send you such PROOF as will convince even the most sceptical.

Send $1.00 for full details of how MAGNAPHALL works and positive proof of its success, or $10.00 only for the complete MAGNAPHALL method. Fill in the form below or write today and take the first step to being the lover women really want.

To: Section 9
Ravensdale Products Ltd.,
Springfield Road
London, N.15., ENGLAND.
Please send, by return, under plain sealed cover
*Full details of how MAGNAPHALL works and positive proof of its success for which I enclose $1.
*The complete MAGNAPHALL method for which I enclose $10.00.
Name .....
City .....
State .....
.....*Delete whichever is inapplicable
All orders and inquiries answered on day of receipt by first class air mail.

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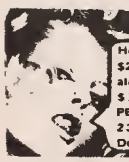
Letter writers! Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what others write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC & straight ads placed by single girls & swinging couples — just released! (sent in plain wrapper) RUSH $2.00 for:

SOME SCORE EVERY TIME! **THE LETTER FILE** Box 36603 Hollywood, Cal 90036



Hello - write to me. Send $2.00 for erotic photo catalog and sample - or my $10.00 special. INGA PETERSEN, Dept SC, Box 23, Grevestrand, 2670, Denmark.

SCREW is a great mag for teenagers. But if you are an adult send $2 for my illustrated fuck brochure in color, plus samples. Delivery guaranteed. Anita Hansen, Betex-Trading, Vesterbrogade 140, 1620 Copenhagen, Denmark.

IN SWEDEN

Sex has become something of a cottage industry. There are many purveyors but only WE HAVE EVERYTHING and at reasonable prices. Slides, magazines, films, playing cards, etc., and all of it totally uncensored. We are willing to bend over backward (or forward) to satisfy and DELIVER. If you have tried others now try us. If you haven't start with us. For catalogues and samples send $2.00 to E—Production

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Stockholm, Sweden

MEET **SWINGERS**
BROADMINDED MEN, WOMEN AND COUPLES IN EVERY AREA WHO SHARE YOUR INTERESTS AND DESIRES. FREE DETAILS & ADS. "THE SEEKERS" BOX 781 DEPT. 72 CHERRY HILL, N. J. 08034

QUALITY ADULT ITEMS
(100% Guaranteed Workmanship)
• Battery-Operated (Deluxe Model) Personal VIBRATORS, 7"x1¼". $5.00. • Prime Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6"x1½". $5.00. • Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS—$1.00 ea. (min. 3), 6-$5.00, 12-$9.00. All Items Shipped First Class. We Pay Postage. No C.O.D.
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At last, a way to ad up to 4½" to yourself
Genuine
French Ticklers
Extension
FOR THE MAN WHO IS BUYING A LITTLE SMART. IT'S A BLESSING
NOW YOU CAN GET INTO THOSE PANTS YOU REALLY PLEASE
ALL DIFFERENT SOLD AS A NOVELTY ONLY MANY GREAT STYLES
$4.00 each 3 for $10.00 Take a dozen for $25.00

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FRENCH TICKLERS
Did you know 95% of the men in the U.S. have at one time or another heard of French Ticklers! But only about 5% have seen or used them. Reason? They were hard to find or outlawed. We have them, buy direct and save $1.50 each, 4 for $5.00, $10.00 a dozen. Introducing the all new 'ripple' Sunflower French Tickler,$2.00 each. Safe and wild, Deelers invited. Mail only. We have to sell them as a novelty only.

MEN ONLY
GOING SOFT TOO SOON?

THE **69** RING

It took a smart person to create it, a doctor to recommend, and us to sell it. When you go down, it stays up. Hard to beat. $12.00 Reuseable Show this ad to an ols friend, He will always be grateful. For more information send $1.00 (refundable on first order) Mail only.

$5 If you don't know what 69 means, ask a friend. We have it and you will love it. Finished in burnished silver. Send check or piece of string add 50 cents for postage and handling to

JOHNSON,
80 Riverside Drive
NYC, 10024

name
address
city state
zip

DISCREET MATURE, married business executive, white, age 39, needs monetary consideration. Experienced in Franch & Greek culture. Looking for sex-starved married or single women, 18-40 for mutual satisfaction. Your wish is my desire. Phone XAVWHBM, ask for Bill. 8:45 AM to 5:15 PM, Mon-Fri.

NOT IN GOOD TASTE! Not our magazine. It spits on all the lying conventions that claim that men's cocks and women's pussies don't ache with desire. See Horseshit's sideways display ad.

HANDSOME, SENSITIVE YOUNG MALE—professional, 6'2", 185, very attuned to cerebral erotics and physical beauty, seeks intelligent, attractive female to share sensual scenes. Call OW1-TAYE

LIVELY GENTLEMAN, 45, white, 5'4", very very discreet, seeks warm lady who is all woman. I sincerely believe you are God's finest creation. I'm looking for the very passionate and with fine character for daytime dates in your apartment or hotel. This is an ad for loving, not for drinking or other time wasting foolishness. Photo and phone please, if possible Box M—!, c/o AAA—! Services, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC, NY 10025

A NON—COMPUTER, but personalized introductory service between discerning males for friendship and unity. Write, JUST MATES, Dept. W, 509 Fifth Ave., NYC, NY 10007

MALE, HANDSOME, well-endowed, offers round trip to Miami — month of December. Can take one or two well-built females. All with photo considered. Box 30251, Bethesda, Md. 20014

THERE MUST BE A MATURE, SINGLE WOMAN who is honest & discreet, to give actual instruction in French culture, or advice. I'm capable of penetration, but if not desired, this is OK. Looks and figure unimportant. I'm 25, male, white, 5'10", 170 lbs. Good-looking and mentally healthy. Phone number would show sincerity. NO MONEY, PROSTITUTES OR MEN. I WILL ANSWER ALL. P.O. Box 1132, Church St., Sta., NYC, NY 10008

USUAL SEX PRODUCTS. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for information to Art Form Products, Box 815, Ojus, Florida 33163

WHITE MALE, 45, 5'7", 195 lbs. would like to meet women well endowed for social and gratifying evenings (35-50). I like all cultures. Separated—divorced—widows. No prostitutes or phonies. NY and NJ area. Write details and phone more information on request. All dealings in strictest confidence. Box 399, Times Square Sta., NYC, NY 10036

BLACK MALE, looking for docile female to 30. Well jock and stock to rent 2½ furnished rooms for $28/week who loves plenty of sex. Call Tom 9 AM to 3:30 PM. at 464-8094

SPANISH FLY: Undetectable, absolutely safe. Money back guarantee. Don't Delay! Mail $4.98 for sample good for three conquests, and our catalog; exciting new sex aids Mail to Lee Howard, 74 Grove Ave., NYC, 10014. $2 for catalog only, refundable with first order. Offer good until December 6. NO MINORS.

BACK ISSUES OF SCREW ARE AVAILABLE IN BULK OF 50 OR MORE. PERFECT FOR WRAPPING PRESENTS, LINING GARBAGE PAILS, USING TO TRAIN YOUR PUPPY OR FOR GIVING OUT AS GIFTS. CALL 989-1767 AND ASK - FOR MOOSE FOR FURTHER DETAILS.

BIRTH CERTIFICATE, marriage, divorce, high school, college diploma, adoption, baptism, will forms: correctly worded, BLANK - $1 each. HEADLINES, Box 202, Dept. 14H, Commack, NY 11725

NOTICE TO ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS: We know you don't want to miss your weekly SCREW, but please don't send in any money to renew your subscription until we send you notice that your subscription is about run out. Otherwise, you will fuck up our records and end up getting a double SCREW every week instead of extending your subscription.

MALE, WHITE, age 33, has been married desires sex with all types of women age 25—55. Send photo and phone number to Mr. George, P.O. Box 174, Egg Harbor City, N. J.

CALIFORNIA SWORD SWALLOWER—young attractive hot movies. Don Bakersfield 805-325-9811

CONFIDENTIAL FILM DEVELOPING —Black & White custom prints enlarged. Photograph your own thing NO RESTRICTIONS. Negs. returned with order, 2-day service. $2 per roll, 15 cents per print. Film and money order to FOTO—MAGIC, Box 93, East Yonkers, Sta., NY, 10704

SHAPELY, 37, seeks other Active Experienced Followers of French culture. Couples, small groups weekends my place - affords privacy. Name address. phone (local) gets reply....Belle, c/o of Box 68, NYC 11231.

COUPLE, 36/40, real swingers, looking for new friends to join small active group. No discipline! We're all LOVERS, followers of the Modern arts only. Followers with pets invited to write: No unnamed box numbers answered or out of town calls(unless collect, give time) Tired of pranksters and phonies. Be HONEST, I am. Jane, c/o Box 175, NY, NY 10019

LIKE NICE JUICY SNATCH? Wide open closeups? Only the grooviest chicks & teeny-boppers? Very far out!!! Proof, $1, Larane, Dept. SC, Box 1125, Yuma, Ariz. 85364.

EXTEND - For prolonging the male climax, 5/$1.25. HEAD - Covers just what the name implies 2/.75. FRENCH TICKLERS - 1/$1.25, 6/$4.00. A sample of all three, $2.00. HAILE, Box 147D, Bay Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

FEMALE "Spread" magazines, movies, paperbacks, FREE catalogs. Beaver, Box 2373-Y, Phila. Pa.

GAY MALE book, magazines, movies, FREE Catalogues. Trojan, Box 2121-Y, Phila. Pa.

BACKWARD MALE seeks frontward action males. Joe 415-863-2529, San Francisco, Calif.

UPTIGHT? Cool it man. Climax your day with a mind-blowing massage by Pietro, by appointment. 10 Am to 10 PM every day. Call 734-5094. Studio or residential.

STRAIGHT GUYS, Why jerk off? If your girl won't, this slim attractive guy will. White guys below 40 write Dan, P.O. Box 291, NYC, NY 10014

IS BIG BROTHER WATCHING? Attractive, slim guy 27, 5'7" will be Kid Brother to white, very masculine, strong, affectionate stud. DAVE, P.O. Box 291, NYC, NY 10014

JERK-OFF ARTIST, desires female exhibitionist for mutual satisfaction. Carmody, RD3, Canandaigua, NY 14424,

WHITE MALE, 43, 5'4", 120 lbs, seeks white, attractive girls under 30 for sexual fun and photography. Tommy, after 6 PM. 201-484-1867.

STERILE BACHELOR, Handsome, versatile, uninhibited, 40, white, 5'5", 170 lbs. Have cozy pad, car. Looking for a trim, white, groovy girl for an intimate relationship. Privacy and discretion assured. I'm patient and understanding of a woman's needs. Evenings, weekends: 729-3833. NO MEN.

GALS ONLY: Tall, handsome 32 year old executive seeking attractive, bored swingers for cocktails, dinner dates. Write with photo. Phone number for quick reply. Good-looking, discreet girls only. Mike Howard, P.O. Box 3442, Grand Central Sta., NYC, NY 10017

EXCITING ADULT MOVIES! Photos, Color Slides, Sex Books, Imported Magazines. Illustrated Catalogs and sample photos, $1. GOLDFIELD, Dept. MW—1, Box 267, Hagerstown, MD. 21740

SLIM GALS WITH NEGLECTED REARS: Anally Erotic? It's my scene too! Lets help each other Experienced, discreet male 29 yrs. 6 ft. 180 lbs. Visit City Daily. P.O. Box 535 Harrison, NY 10528.

"C" - THANKS FOR LETTERS - We think alike - I'll pay for your P.O. Box if you get one since I must write you, if nothing else. Send me what you like - Proper love depends on all five senses, including taste, smell and sight. LOVE "G"

ATTENTION FEMALES 21 yr. old (Male) connoisseur searches far and wide for a woman with an endless flow of feminine nectar. ORAL INTERCOURSE is my Specialty! Discretion assured. Race or age no barrier. New York - New Jersey area preferred. Please call John Jr. (201) 757-7016. 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

MAN OF 40 and 300 lbs with versatility wants to make connections with chubby chasers club. Only discreet replies will be acknowledged. P.O. Box 339, NYC, NY 10033

HEY GIRLS! Professional writer needs your horny experiences for articles & stories. Names and places will be changed, of course. Write to: Apt. 4, 49 Hamilton St., Paterson, N.J. 07505

Bruce King, "Photographing Male Models," slides and films. Mattachine Society: Freedom House, 20 W. 40th St., Wednesday, December 10, 8:15 PM.

LOVING MOTHERS (breast feeding or breast fed) needed for nurturance of maternally deprived young adults. Fee paid if requested. 9934362.

SUBJECTS REQUIRED for linguistics and tickle-torture. Horstmann, Rm. 504, 152 W. 42 St., NYC, NY. 10036.

BLACK MALE looking for docile female to 30 well jock & stock to rent 2½ furnished rooms for 28/wk. who loves plenty of sex, call Tom after 9 AM anytime at 464-8094.

WHO ARE THE MONOGAMOURS? They're an aware bunch of couples who believe that marital fidelity and terrific sex can go together. Nationwide. Newsletter. Special Offers. Idea exchange. Membership - $1.00. Must state that you are married. AX-MONO Box 2306, Dayton (Ket), Ohio 45429.

WHAT'S THE CONTROVERSY over this book? "Nyood"contains undoctored illustrations, drawings, photos, Polaroids - amateur and professional - totally unlike anything else. Not available in book shops anywhere! Limited edition, printed by our private society. "Nyood" is $5. ACSE society membership is $1. Special: Book and membership both for $5. State that you're over 21. Send to KAX, Box2306, Dayton (Ket) Ohio 45429.

WHITE GAY MALE, 40, wishes to meet guys age to 50. Frenching good time assured. Prefer meeting men on a continuing basis at my apartment but will gladly service one nighters also. I like them hairy, hung big and well built but the less fortunate will be equally satisfied. Orally speaking, I cover a lot of territory. Also seeking same to share apartment rent free. Call Bill at RA 2-0962- Phila.

BLACK AND WHITE COUPLE: Uninhibited Swingers. Dig groovy group scenes. Chicks and couples welcome. No Freaks. Call evenings after 9 p.m.: 373-7061.

NEW YORK'S BIGGEST SWINGING MAGAZINE IS HAVING A PARTY on Friday, December 19th. Couples and ladies are invited to join our elite swinging group for an evening of SEXiting fun. Live music, cocktails & hors d'oeuvres. Admission $10. per couple. Ladies free. Reservations required. Send check or money order to: Continental Spectator, Room 504, 152 West 42nd Street, NYC,NY 10036. Tickets will be sent by return mail.

MECHANICAL SEX TRIP, Slip your organ into the wet and slippery CYCLA-THROB. Turn on the switch and lay back. A mind-blowing experience. Catalogue $1.00. TOOL & SCREW WORKS. P.O. Box 1175, Seattle, Wash. 98111.

STUD, ATTRACTIVE, well built, 33, would like to meet same (preferably well hung & over 5'10") for mutual fun. Straights & AC-DC welcome. Complete discretion assured. Send photo or details to: R.S. Box 1343, F.D.R. Station, NYC, NY, 10022.

ATTENTION NYMPHO-TYPE GIRLS. Dr.Great Ray, M.D. (Muff Diver) seeks to operate orally in the sex area of hygienically clean swingers.Must be attractive, serious honest, discreet and all female. Try me. I'm clinically experienced. This ad is true! Call Great Ray at (215) TR 4-3863 (Philadelphia) after 9 PM - midnight. Out operating Friday and Saturday nights.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS IN TOWN!!! Top California nude figure model, age 24, 6'2", 180 lbs, 49" chest, 17¾" biceps, 32" waist, for art, photography, magazines and all kind. Men only - BRUNO SX9-0277.

ESCORT SERVICE!!! The right place for attractive swingers in town. Youthful men of different nationalities and varieties of experiences. Men Only. NINO RW9-0277

SINGLE BUTCH MALE, in 40's - I like to swing and ball with other uninhibited guys. If you are the same and under 40 give me a call and let's get together. Have my own place. Call Ed after 7 PM (914) 478-1766.

JOIN OUR GROUP - 96 swinging page publication devoted to uninhibited gals, guys & couples. Hundred of nationwide ads with unusual photos & items enhance every issue. Sample copy $1. Le Group, 601 S. Vermont Ave., L.A. Calif. 90005

DIG HORNY MAIL—If seeing hairy cunts and big cocks tickles your fancy, then put your name on the adult mailing list and see plenty. Send $2 to AML, P.O. Box 912, Azusa, Calif. 91702

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN creating film Apollo from select parts. If you bave handsome hands, a great ass, sexy stomach or whatever, let me film it and I'll give you 8x10 prints as payment. Letter, snapshot to P.O. Box 2639, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

THE GROUP WORKSHOP IS NEW. We experience and communicate feelings through exercises and improvisation. Please call and ask questions. OR 4-1182 evenings.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SCREW READERS

Our esteemed Publisher Jim Buckley made the boo-boo of the year by offering our back issues for 50 cents each. However, we will give you people a chance to get the back issues at a savings to you and a profit to us. We offer you a choice of three package deals each for $15.00 and each containing Issue no. 2 which we are now selling for $10.00. Package "A" is nos. 2,4,5,6,8,9,10; Package "B" is nos. 2,11,12,13,14,15,16,17,18,19,20; Package "C" is nos. 2,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28, 29,30. Write to Moose, c/o Milky Way Productions, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011.

JOANNE—CAN'T ANSWER QUESTIONS—NEED YOUR ADDRESS. SUGGEST YOU GET PRIVATE BOX AT NEARBY POST OFFICE. WRITE ME P.O. BOX 1 SAME TOWN AS BEFORE OR PHONE ME 201—852-2338—EVENINGS SO I CAN SEND PICTURES.

FOR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING concerning impersonation or transvestism . . . contact . . . the world's leading authority on these subjects . . . PUDGY ROBERTS, P.O. Box 71, Prince St., Sta. NYC, NY, 10012.

IMPERSONATOR skilled in discipline, adult training, and all the cultures desires to meet men, women, and couples for good time, all rephes handled with discretion. Box 31387, Hoffman Heights Sta., Aurora, Colorado 90010

HANDSOME, TALL, well-built white MALE, 35, would like to hear from an attractive female who wants to swing. I can satisfy your every desire—can meet anywhere, anytime—I live only ½ hour from NYC. Phone and ask for Bob 516-931-4547. No males please.

OUR STAFF OF SEXUAL GENIUSES—see the world as a pleasure garden of erotic delight. They have put together a collection of sex toys which are a remarkable realization of 20th century technology. Recent developments in the rubber and plastic industry have made all this possible. They have created toys of pain and pleasure and devices for love play, as well as erotic recreations from the past. The ultimate purpose of this research is to make your sexual encounters more rewarding. They think sex should be fun. They also feel that their unique inventions will blow your mind and will add a whole new dimension to your sex experience. If you're over 21 and have $2 handy you are eligible to receive a catalogue of 20th century sex equipment. Send $2 to: PANDORA'S BOX, 535 Valencia, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

DETROIT—TOLEDO AREA—professional photographer will photograph you doing your thing. FREE. Can also copy polaroid and regular picture. P.O. Box 42, Rossford, Ohio 43460

SWINGING MIDDLE—AGED COUPLE, want to meet any age couples for mutual enjoyment, sex, travel, entertainment, or what have you. Denver Colorado Area. Phone & photos helpful answered first. W.W. Scott, 325 S. Meldrum, Fort Collins, Colo. 80521.

EXECUTIVE, 45, travels extensively major cities east of Denver—enjoys meeting interesting girls or couples for mutual pleasures. Box 423, Station C, Flushing, NY 11367

FELT CHEATED LATELY? I know just what you want, and have it! Stop searching! Completely uncensored photos of the type of action you want to see! M&M, M&F, F&F Samples $1. Adults, Rush! Sterling Ltd. Box 369D, Canoga Park, Calif. 91304.

MALE, WHITE, middle-aged, wants to meet white females only with big busts for French culture in all areas. My tongue will thrill you. Send pboto if possible. Will make it also if desired. P. Malkas, P.O. Box 24, Fairless Hills, Penna. 19030

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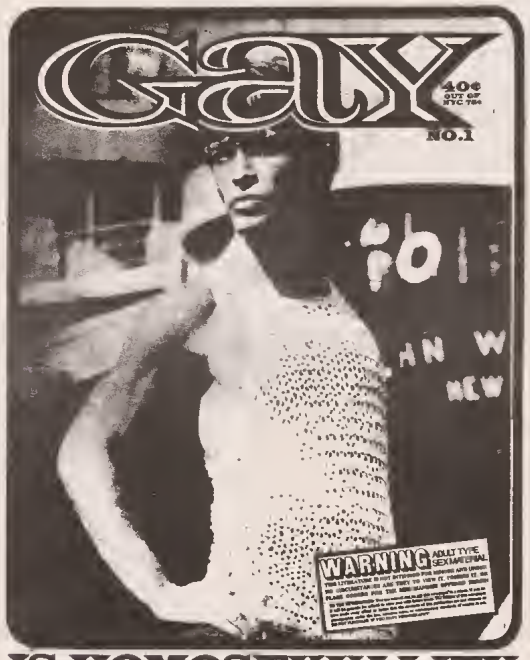

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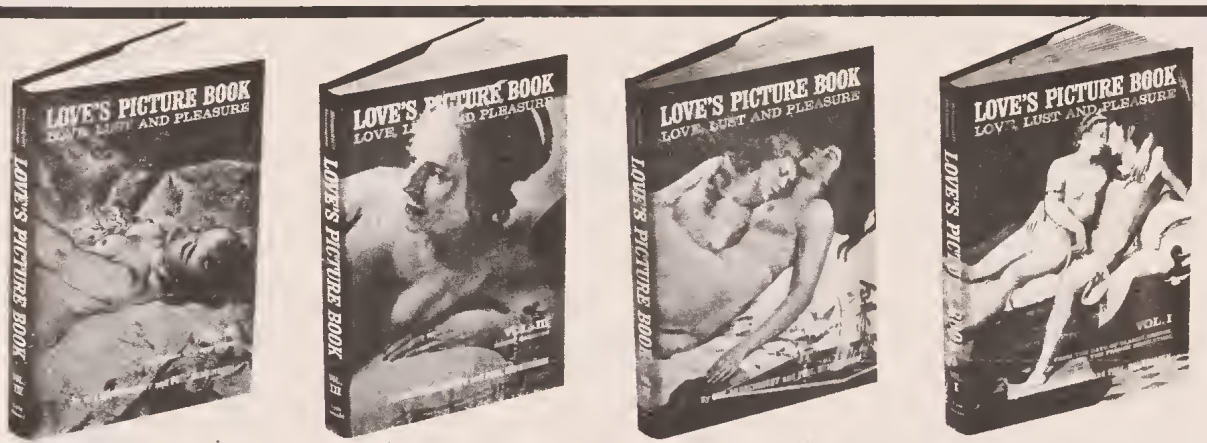

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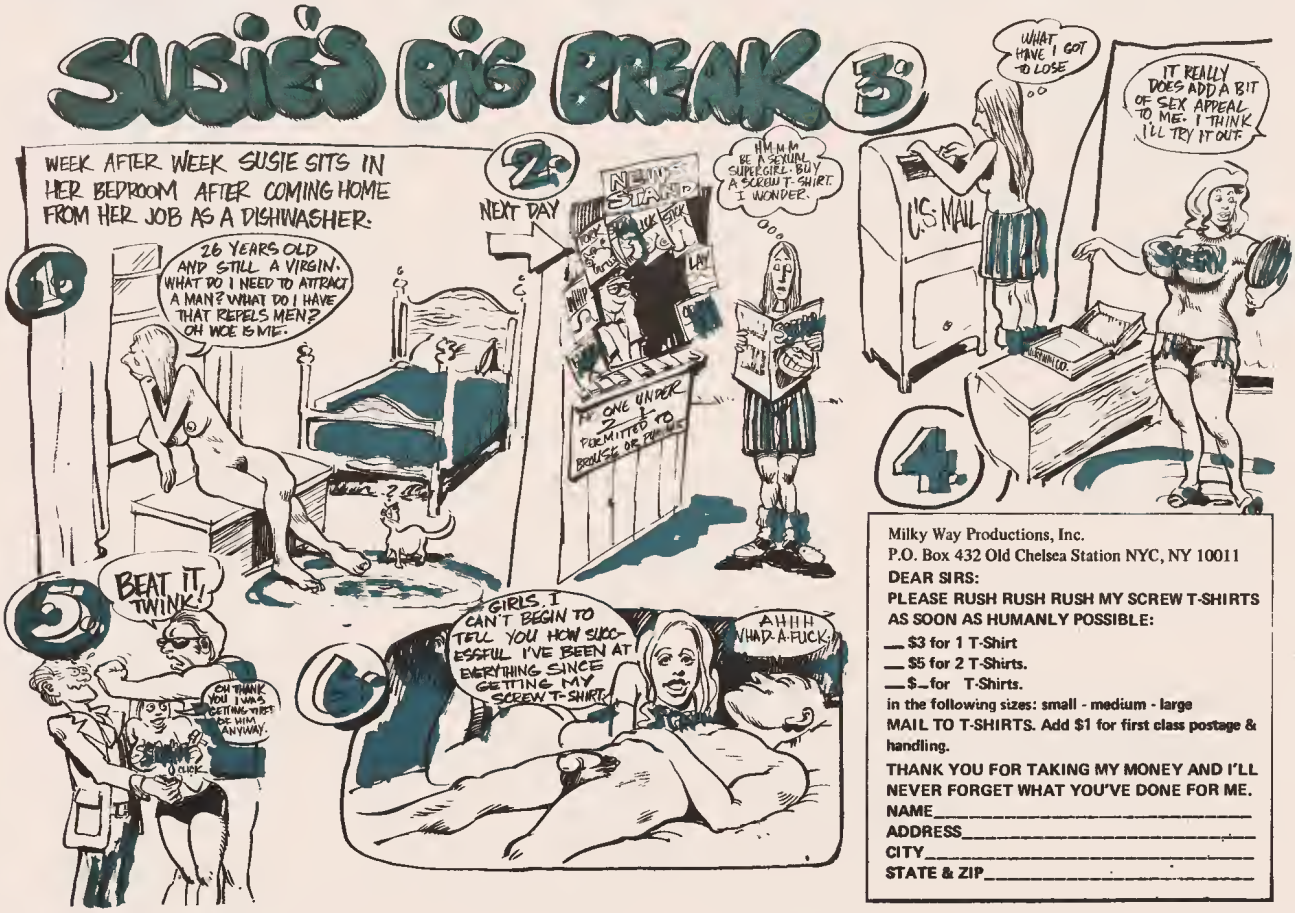

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